THE EXAMINER.

ESTABLISHED 1808.

An Independent Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, Science, and Art.

No. 3,632.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1877. { PRICE . . . . 6*d*. BY POST . . . 6½*d*.

Registered at the General Post Office.]

Notes and Comments 1121
The War in Bulgaria 1124
The Death of M. Thiers 1125
Who is to Take His Place? 1126
M. Thiers as Historian and Economist 1127
The Chefoo Convention 1128
Trades Unionism 1130
The Black International..... 1131
The Revival of Legal Torture .. 1133
The City's Estate 1134
Green Pastures and Piccadilly, by William Black. — Chapter XXXVI. 1135
Miss Simcox on Natural Law.... 1137
Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism 1138
A Woman-Hater 1140
Octave Feuillet's New Novel.... 1141
Minor Notices 1142
The Magazines 1143
Music 1145
Drama 1146
Variorum Notes 1146
New Books and New Editions .. 1148

If I might give a short hint to an impartial writer it would be to tell him his fate. If he resolves to venture upon the dangerous precipice of telling unbiassed truth, let him proclaim war with mankind—neither to give nor to take quarter. If he tells the crimes of great men, they fall upon him with the iron hands of the law; if he tells them of virtues, when they have any, then the mob attacks him with slander. But if he regards truth, let him expect martyrdom on both sides, and then he may go on fearless.—De Foe.

POLITICAL AND SOCIAL.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

If M. Thiers had died at the age of seventy, how differently his reputation would have stood in England! He would have been remembered chiefly by three things—his indiscriminate panegyric of the First Napoleon; his short tenure of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs under Louis Philippe in 1840, when he projected the fortifications of Paris, brought the remains of Napoleon from St. Helena, did his utmost to involve the Citizen King in war, and generally screamed and clapped his wings like a most bellicose Gallus till the Citizen King removed him from office; and his bitter opposition to the Commercial Treaty of 1860. Bnt he lived long enough to negotiate the terms of peace in 1871, and become the liberator of French territory from German occupation, a task for which he was peculiarly fitted by his immense energy and decision. It is a curious question whether he would have succeeded in establishing this last and most honourable claim upon the gratitude of France, if he had succeeded in his opposition to the principles of Free Trade. Would France in that case have paid the five milliards with the same absence of effort? And if not, would M. Thiers have been the popular man that he was? Perhaps, too, if the truth may be spoken, it is as well for his reputation that he did not live to succeed MacMahon in the Presidency. Experience had probably cured him of the pugnacious side of his Chauvinism, but with the bigoted theories of Protection which he seems to have cherished to the last, his influence could hardly have been for good, and it is better that Republicanism should be subjected to a temporary inconvenience than discredited by resistance to the interests of progress. That the inconvenience will be only temporary, we have elsewhere shown reasons for believing.

In Germany as well as in England there has been a remarkable change of feeling with regard to M. Thiers within the last few years. The historian who lavished praises on the Napoleonic epoch; the Minister for Foreign Affairs who endeavoured to use the Syrian complication for a war on the Rhine; the deputy who in the last years of the reign of Napoleon III. taunted Government with having allowed the unification of Italy and Germany; the diplomatist who, although he disapproved of the war as "inopportune," afterwards made a journey through Europe in search of allies for the continuance of the struggle, had not done much for popularity in Germany. But in the negotiations of 1871 he produced a more favourable impression by the honesty with which he performed whatever he undertook, and of late he has been looked to as the statesman most likely to keep in check the party of revenge. Hence this week the German Press has expressed itself about M. Thiers with respect hardly less warm than that of the French journals themselves. For example, the Moderate Liberal *National-Zeitung* of Berlin says:—"Not his own nation only loses by the death of Thiers at a moment when it could least spare him; nay, when there is, in reality, no one to replace him. The cause of peaceful development in Europe receives by his demise a serious blow. The hope of seeing the Republic consolidated, as the only form of French Government which offers a guarantee of peace, is now more threatened than ever, since his quiet but unmistakeable influence has suddenly disappeared." Expressions of goodwill for the Republican cause in France abound in German journals of the most various party descriptions.

It is a pity that the extent to which the daily papers were occupied on Wednesday with the startling news from France did not permit of fuller reports of Sir Charles Dilke's speech to his constituents at Chelsea, for it seems to have been a very thorough and searching criticism of the past Session, just such a criticism as is wanted after an interval in which attention has been too absorbed in foreign affairs to give much heed to the drift of domestic legislation. The general public must trust very much to such men as Sir Charles Dilke, who make a serious business of politics, for the exposure of little facts which are apt to escape notice in the noise and bustle of exciting events and large measures, but which are all-important as clues to the capacities of a Government or the tendencies of a party. Before the present Parliament breaks up, we may expect to find electoral questions once more to the front. Next year the Government will have to show how they mean to apply the principle of popular representation to the management of county affairs. Sir Charles finds an index to the character of this forthcoming measure in the Scotch Roads and Bridges Bill, in which it was proposed to introduce the elective element under the most vexatious of restrictions, placing it under the control of the nominated portion of each body. Again, the Government cannot delay much longer some attempt at the revision of the electoral machinery of 1867. Sir Charles Dilke does not find any trace of zeal on their part to take up this question. A Bill relating to election petitions and corrupt practices was introduced last Session, but it was dropped. Sir Charles does not profess to regret the slaughter of this innocent, because it was a most unsatisfactory measure, but he cannot overlook the fact that the Government have now been deeply pledged for three years to deal with the subject, and have never seriously tried to do so. The Committee appointed last Session to consider the hours of polling have reported that the hours should be the same as the School Board hours, namely, from eight to eight.

Sir Charles hopes, therefore, that the Government will legislate upon this at least; and he will also continue his endeavours to induce them to deal with registration, but the experience of last year does not lead him to believe that a Conservative Government will ever prove in earnest in dealing with electoral questions. Perhaps, on the whole, it is as well that they should not.

Another point on which Sir Charles Dilke very effectively criticised the Government was the way in which they have allowed party considerations to influence appointments to the public service. He had not much to say about the famous Pigott appointment, concerning which everybody, as in courtesy bound, has accepted Lord Beaconsfield's defence with only the reservation of the mysterious smile. But there are other charges of "jobbery" which cannot be so conclusively met. Some of these Sir Charles Dilke enumerated on Tuesday. "He did not," he said, "possess a very useful memory, but he had not forgotten the appointment of Major Keith Falconer to be a Commissioner of Inland Revenue, and the cases of Lord Hampton, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, and Sir Alfred Slade. Lord Hampton had been made Chief Civil Service Commissioner at the age of seventy-six, this being his first entrance into the Civil Service of the Crown. Sir Seymour Fitzgerald had been a Conservative member, who had had a previous official career in India which had been described in the House, in his presence, by Mr. Grant Duff, and had, to use the mildest terms, not been of a satisfactory nature. He had resigned his seat for Horsham on the ground that the deplorable state of his health made it impossible that he should continue to perform his Parliamentary duties. He was immediately appointed to the presidency of that Commission to which were entrusted the charities and endowed schools of England. It might be safely said that since his appointment the duties of the post had not been so well discharged as would have been the case under the chief commissionership of many other gentlemen who could have been named. It was, perhaps, a popular policy with the Conservative party that the Charity and Endowed Schools Commission should be made inefficient; but it would be for the advantage of the country, and in accordance with the wishes of the people, that the Charity Commissioners should actively make use of such powers as they possessed, and should even apply to Parliament for more. When the late Government was in office, his deceased friend, Mr. Winterbotham, had, in their name, and on their behalf, attempted to obtain further powers for the Charity Commission. He had shown with great force how trustees of charities throw obstacles in the way of appointing new trustees in order that a small and diminishing number might retain the power and patronage which were connected with their administration, and how they allowed the accounts which they ought to return to the Charity Commissioners to fall into arrear. It was owing to the persistent efforts of the Conservative party that the Charity Commission continued to be a mere depository of accounts, and a mere assistant to well-disposed trustees without power over false ones, and the appointment of Sir Seymour Fitzgerald to the Chief Commissionership was not only like the appointment of Major Keith Falconer, a 'job' in favour of a party man, but it had at the same time the indirect effect of continuing the state of paralysis in which it was the desire of the Conservative party that the Commission should remain. This was killing two birds with one stone. The appointment of Sir Alfred Slade to the Receiver-Generalship of Inland Revenue was perhaps the worst job of all, but that they had discussed before. Just after the display of a blaze of virtue over the Pigott case, Lord John Manners had to make his memorable defence of the appointment to postmasterships on party grounds of strong Tory partisans. This was in the Winslow case, in which the man who had been the assistant for six years had been pushed aside on his succeeding to the business to make way for a man whose superior qualification consisted in his having supported Government at a late election. The humble character of this last appointment makes it none the less scandalous as a 'job.'" It is a common boast among us that such things happen only in America.

Mr. Cross was obliged, from temporary need of a rest, to decline the invitation to the Cutlers' Feast celebrated at Sheffield on Thursday, and the Government was represented by Mr. James Lowther. There is a certain interest in seeing what Mr. Lowther had to say about the Obstructionists, because he and one or two others, in the pertinacity of their opposition to the Ballot Bill in 1871, set the example and precedent which the Irish Irreconcileables have followed. Mr. Lowther began with the not very original remark that "upon that subject I would merely wish to say this, that the manner in which public business was impeded during the latter part of the Session is a matter which must receive the anxious consideration of the Government." His next sentence was more explicit. "But before public opinion is too firmly set in any one direction I would venture to point out that, although the delay of any one particular measure or of any series of measures is a matter of serious annoyance to Her Majesty's Government, and of no little inconvenience to the public, there is a matter which is of greater national importance—namely, the maintenance of those privileges of the House of Commons which through centuries have maintained that inimitable freedom of speech and free government which have been the envy of the world." And he wound up with a declaration which, to do him justice, is thoroughly consistent with his own previous conduct. "Upon this subject I will only add one remark: it may be found necessary to do one of two things—either to curtail the privileges of the great body of members, or deal in an exceptional manner with those few members who set themselves against the general feeling of the House of Commons. I will merely indicate my opinion that the latter course is the one which it will be eventually found necessary to follow." There is this great difference between the obstruction led by Mr. Lowther and the recent obstruction, that he had a larger following out of doors, but his attitude is an illustration of the curious difficulty in which Conservatives are placed, in having to legislate against obstruction, that is, against themselves.

The Conservatives have a very doughty champion in Darlington, Mr. Thomas Gibson Bowles. Here is an extract from a speech which he made there on Monday evening:—"Now let them try and ascertain whether there were any rights of England menaced by this war. He thought there were. We have a country—India—which had been called the brightest gem in the English crown; India had for its first line Beloochistan and Affghanistan, for its second Persia, and in the third stood Turkey. Turkey was the barrier of India. If Turkey went, Beloochistan and Affghanistan would go with her. She was the outside shell of that kernel we call India, and once that shell pierced it was only a question of time when we lost India. But not only that—all the roads to India were through Turkey, whether you went by water or by land. Turkey was a material barrier—the outpost to the great defence of India; and when Turkey went the material barrier of India was gone. But she was far more—a moral barrier. The Sultan was the head of all the Mahomedans in the world, and in India we had 40,000,000 of Mahomedan subjects. Of these 47,000 belonged to our army, and were the best and brightest and most reliable soldiers we have. He said that when Turkey was menaced it was our rule in India that was menaced, and that when Turkey was attacked it was England that was attacked. There was no doubt that Turkey was ill-governed. But was there any country in the world of which the Government was perfect? Why, even our own was not perfect. For the last 800 years we had been trying to improve it." This

is something like eloquence. At the last election for Darlington, Mr. Bowles polled 305 votes in a total poll of 3,517. Pity! His oratory is distinctive. There is nothing altogether like it in the present House.

It appears that the report of the meeting of the Home Rule Confederation, last week, was not accurate. Mr. Butt was not persuaded to acquiesce even seemingly in the policy of Obstruction, or, as it is called, "more energetic Parliamentary action." Consequently Mr. Parnell has been appointed President of the Confederation, and Mr. Butt has written a long letter, in which he draws the following vivid picture of the probable consequences of Obstruction:—"It would make all really constitutional action hopeless. It would alienate from us all sympathy and support from any Party in the House of Commons. It would alienate from us the sympathies of the English democracy, who would see in an attempt to lower the House of Commons an attack upon England and themselves. It would exasperate and perpetuate those national antipathies between Englishmen and Irishmen which every true Irishman must desire to see ended. It would alienate from us others besides the members of the House of Commons or the English democracy—the great and influential class of our own countrymen, who would see in the abandonment of constitutional action the triumph of principles adverse to social order. It would break up, never in our lifetime—I should, perhaps, say in my lifetime—to be revived, that Irish Parliamentary party and that Home Rule party in the country which it has taken years of toil and thought and watchful care to build up. And after a very few months it would end in an easy and what would be an ignominious defeat, after scenes and scrambles and unseemly struggles through which the dignity of the cause and of the country could not pass without grievous hurt. Abroad, in every nation of Europe which values representative institutions, we should be despised as having shown ourselves unfit for those institutions. At home we should have given an impetus to all those passions among our people which every lover of his country would desire to assuage."

Punctually, according to the programme, the Emperor William left Berlin last Saturday at 1.30 P.M., and arrived to the minute, 7.45 A.M., on Sunday morning at Krupp's celebrated works at Essen. The works were decorated with hundreds of flags, between which arose columns on columns of black smoke and snowy jets of steam, the lanes and passages lined with evergreens, spanned by garlands and flowers, and thronged on either side by the workpeople clad in their Sunday clothes, and drawn up in line. The appearance of the Emperor was hailed with the wildest enthusiasm; and, after being received by Herr von Krupp, his son, and the dignitaries of the town, the imperial *cortège*, consisting of the Emperor, Prince Charles, Prince Frederick Charles, Count Moltke, and Baron Manntenfel, proceeded to carry out an interpolated item in the programme—a visit to the new church and the celebration of a simple field-service. The whole way to the church was through an avenue of evergreens, lined on either side with the inhabitants of the town; and, on approaching the church, the Emperor passed through a lane of little girls, dressed in white, wreathed with corn flowers—the Emperor's favourite flower—and holding a continuous garland of the same blossoms drooping in festoons between them. The sight was very charming, and the Emperor perfectly delighted with it. After divine service was over, the Emperor returned to the works, and proceeded to view the great steam-hammer in operation. An immense glowing mass, weighing 75,000 lbs., was dragged by gigantic chains from the furnace, and brought under the hammer, which fell with a weight of 1,000 cwt., from a height of 10 ft., upon the red-hot metal destined to furnish the tube of a 1,000-pounder. After this, the workshop for forging various parts of ironclads, and the keel and bow-struts of a corvette now building in Stettin, were inspected. The greatest interest was evinced by the Emperor and his generals in the cannon boring and rifling shops, and in the exhibition of the various pieces of artillery turned out by Krupp, from the largest to the smallest. They were arranged in the shape of a garden, the beds formed in patterns by 1,000 various shells, 160 tires, 160 locomotive axles, 460 springs, and 1,800 rails encircling the whole. Then the pattern and model rooms were visited, and, finally, Krupp's last invention inspected. This consists of a 15-centimètre cannon, protected by a steel shield, which affords the gunners complete protection, and by means of a lever allows the gun to be removed in case of its being dismounted, without the men's having to leave its shelter. Moltke was especially interested in this new weapon, which was made in several calibres. After this part of the programme had been accomplished, there was a promenade through the workpeople's town, past rows of festive maidens and 8,000 school children. Especially striking was a triumphal arch, between the pillars of which stood a miner on one side with his lamp in his hand, and a smith on the other, hammer in hand, both men measuring 6 ft. 9 in. in height. Their stalwart martial appearance at once attracted the Emperor's attention. Looking at them admiringly, he said, "You may thank your fate that I am not Frederick the Great. He would soon have had you in Berlin amongst his grenadiers." Taking leave of the workmen, he then said, "People, I have been glad to see you." Whereupon the "people" cheered enthusiastically, as it is the nature of the people to do. At 4 P.M. precisely the Imperial party sat down to dinner; and at 6 P.M. to the minute, according to programme, left Essen for Benrath.

The recall of Alecko Pasha, Prince Bogorides, from Vienna, is attributed in some quarters to the machinations of Falcon Effendi, the first secretary to the Embassy, who is accused of aspiring to the post of ambassador. But the following telegram, which Alecko Pasha sent to the Sultan's first secretary, clearly shows to whom Alecko himself attributed his fall:—"Conformably to the instructions of the Sublime Porte, I shall leave Vienna on August 30; but after the numberless slights I have been subjected to by Edhem Pasha, in order to force me to resign, I have neither the inclination nor the courage to return to Constantinople. The rancour with which I have been persecuted takes away from me any hope that I might receive justice from Edhem Pasha. I cannot but pity the Turkish nation, which is now pouring forth its blood without any hope of reaping the fruit of its tremendous sacrifices as long as the Turkish Ministers pursue their old course. At the same time, like my father who was overwhelmed with benefits by four Sultans, I shall not cease to pray for my Sovereign." Thus, according to Alecko Pasha himself, his fall is due to Edhem Pasha.

The unsuspecting travellers who may have wended their way to the Italian lakes, to forget for a while, 'midst those idyllic climes, the horrors of the Bulgarian War, must have been considerably astonished when they found a violent battle raging at Lugano. If not exactly the crack of the rifle, or the roar of artillery, the sharp and rapid report of the nimble revolver resounded long and loud through the streets of that naturally quiet town in which an unoffending population was then being butchered by a band of native Bashi-Bazouks, in the shape of the local gendarmes. The origin of the battle was some post-prandial dispute between the guardians of the public peace and some young people. The gendarmes drew their swords, and charged upon their enemies; but Swiss arms are strong, and the charge was repulsed. Thereupon the Bashi-Bazouks drew their revolvers, and at last won the battle, which resulted in the death of one man—a gendarme, killed with his own weapon, which had been wrested from him—and several more or less severely wounded. The Liberal municipality met next day in

extraordinary assembly and passed the following resolution—"The municipality deplores the repeated excesses of the public authorities who make use of firearms against unarmed citizens without any provocation. The municipality, with the citizens of Lugano, is highly indignant at such procedure, and has determined to prosecute the gendarmes, and to take the guardianship of the public peace into its own hands." Thereupon the Ultramontane Government of the Canton issued a proclamation, enjoining the gendarmes and police authorities to adopt the severest measures against all discontented citizens, and ordered three companies of infantry to occupy the town. The Municipal Council then despatched a deputation to Berne to protest against this high-handed measure, after having issued a proclamation calling upon the citizens to meet the military with all kindness. This was done; and after inquiring into the circumstances of the case, the Bundesrath at once ordered the troops back to their quarters.

The resignation of Count Molinary, the Military Governor of Croatia and the Frontier, in consequence of the refusal of the Government to adopt his propositions with regard to the railways, has created great excitement in Croatia; and it has been determined not to raise the Eastern Question in any shape in the Landtag, which was opened on September 3 by the President, Krestich. On the other hand, the frontier question will be hotly debated and issue raised as to whom the forests belong, from the sale of which the money is to be found for the construction of the line. The Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, in his telegram of yesterday, very ingeniously avoids this question by describing these forests as forming part of the State domain, whilst saying that the Hungarians considered imperial rather than local interests. But he does not say what "State domain." As we said a fortnight ago, the Croatians claim these forests as forming part of the State domain of the kingdom of Croatia. And as they lie in Croatia, the natural inference is that they belong to Croatia; and if so, it is just as natural that the Croatians should refuse to apply their own private funds to Imperial rather than to local interests. If the Hungarians wish to forward Imperial interests, let them apply Imperial funds and not local funds to the purpose.

Free Switzerland does not seem to be to the taste of the Internationalists. A number of them, having got into a scrimmage in the streets at Berne, were brought to trial for having committed a breach of the public peace. The speeches some of the accused made in their defence were of an extraordinary kind. One of them expressed much regret that the blow he had struck at a police-inspector with a knuckle-duster, or so-called man-killer, had been "rather weakened by the inspector's hat." He further said that, "knowing now, as he did, with what a brigand lot he had to do, he would arm himself for the future with something better." Another Internationalist said "the social question could only be solved by violence and blood," and that the day would come "when you, gentlemen, who are Judges to-day, may have your skulls smashed on these very walls." imilar rhetorical flowers adorned other speeches. The Judges listened with great patience to the graphic description of what the future had in store for them, and finally delivered their sentence according to law.

The Vienna correspondent of the *Times* gives an account of a conspiracy on the part of some *employés* at the Vienna Arsenal to betray the secret of the manufacture of the Uchatius gun to a military *attaché*, "whom," says the correspondent, "it would have been unfair to name" as yet. If we are rightly informed, it was the military *attaché* himself who gave information to the Government regarding the conspirators who offered him their services.

THE WAR IN BULGARIA.

The capture of Lovatz by the Russians under General Skobeleff puts an end to the possibility of any combined movement on the part of Suleiman and Osman Pashas. It not only bars Osman Pasha's road in the South, but proves also that the country between Lovatz and Selvi, and thence to Gabrova, is entirely in the hands and under control of the Russians. Suleiman Pasha's attacks on the Schibka Pass have thus been thrown away, and have failed completely in clearing the ground for Osman Pasha's advance. In fact, Osman Pasha is surrounded, and at any moment the order may be given by the Russian Commander-in-Chief for an attack upon his position, in the centre and on both flanks. It is quite possible—indeed most probable—that the initiative will be taken by General Skobeleff, so as to lessen the chances of Osman Pasha's being able to effect a retreat southwards, and falling back upon Suleiman Pasha's army. Skobeleff's outposts have already occupied Perdilovo and Barkatz, nearly half-way on one of the roads to Plevna, and he joins hands with the centre of the Russian army at Slatina. On the right wing, the Russo-Roumanian forces are also drawing closer round; and it would not be impossible entirely to surround Osman Pasha's position at Plevna and turn it into a Sedan—or, if the Russian belief should turn out well founded that Marshal Bazaine is with Osman Pasha—into a complete Metz.

Nor is this successful flank movement of the Russians on the Osma in any way counterbalanced by the advance of the Turks on the Lom. Practically, by extending their left to such an extent, the Turks have done of their own accord what Skobeleff accomplished in the face of the enemy at Lovatz. They have outflanked themselves—or very much like it, to say the least. This has evidently been purposely induced by the Russians, as by falling back on Opatchka (Obaka) and Gadova (Gagovo), and still more recently by the head-quarters of the Czarevitch being removed to Polomirka, the Turks have been led on until their left is in dangerous propinquity to the Russian forces on the Yantra, which could be marched upon them within twenty-four hours.

There is certainly another explanation which must not be disregarded. The advance of the Turks may have been dictated by the desire to interpose a screen between the Czarevitch's army and the roads leading from Schumla to Tirnova, so as to cover an advance by Mehemet Ali in this direction. If that was the case, then the Russians must have been forced back *nolens volens* to their present positions, and the refusal of the Czarevitch to send sufficient forces to beat back the Turkish attack must be regarded as an error equivalent to a crime. But it is hard to believe that the Russians should be so ignorant of what is passing behind the enemy's lines as to render such a mistake possible. Still, after the incomprehensible ignorance that prevailed regarding Osman Pasha's movements previous to the affairs of Plevna, it is equally hard not to believe anything. But regarding the position of the contending armies, and assuming that the Russian Generals have not conducted their flank operations with insufficient forces, the probability is that Plevna may at any hour be in the hands of the Russians, and Osman Pasha in full flight to whatever spot—Widdin or Sophia—to which a road may be left open to him. If, on the other hand, Skobeleff's forces on the left and the Roumanian divisions on the right are so thin, and purposely left so thin to strengthen the centre, Osman Pasha might break through either flanking army and effectually turn the tables upon the Grand Duke. This would necessitate a fresh displacement of troops, and encourage the Turks on the Lom to resume the offensive. That the attack on the Russian position at Popkoi was part of a general movement is apparent from the simultaneous attack by the Rustzuk forces on Kadikoi. That was repulsed. The movement was, therefore, certainly a failure if intended to be a real attack. If only to screen the movements south of the line, as we have pointed out, it may have been a success. But in any case, the success at Lovatz fully counter-

balances any reverses the Russians may possibly have sustained at Popkoi and Karahassankoi.

In the Dobrudja things are still in suspense. Neither the Russian nor the Turkish forces seem destined to play any independent part for the moment, but to be reserved for co-operation with the main armies when the great collision comes. At the same time, the construction of a bridge from Silistria to the island opposite shows that the Turks have not yet abandoned all ideas of making a demonstration on the left bank of the Danube. If they succeeded in gaining a footing there in some force, it would furnish an exciting intermezzo that would put the Wallachs on their mettle, an element of which their possession has yet to be proved.

As to what Servia may do, or not do, there is now scarcely any means of determining. The little nation is trembling in the balance, and a feather may turn the scale. Prince Tseretleff is in Belgrade, and is said to be the bearer of a note from Prince Gortschakoff, urging Prince Milan to immediate action. But the truth is—even in Belgrade, where that commodity is quite of a sea-serpentine nature—the Serbs are afraid. They are mortally afraid. And when fear and ambition are of about equal strength, the victim has not an easy time of it. Party intrigues are rampant, and are seriously embarrassing the Government. It is significant that the name of Karageorgevitch as a factor in Servian politics is now frequently mentioned, or the existence of a Karageorgevitch party in Servia no longer disputed. Only a couple of years ago, Karageorgevitch's name could not be mentioned without provoking a storm of indignation. But since then his party, limited formerly to a clique of adventurers, has been steadily gaining ground, owing in no small measure to the discontent amongst the various rival generals, officers, and volunteers who were snubbed in favour of General Tchernaieff, and in the first flush of the Russian Crusade. The impecunious bravoes, who have nothing to expect from the present Government, centre all their hopes on Karageorgevitch. Tippling generals, like Stratimiroitch, who hangs about the *cafés*, and billets his whole family of several sons and daughters upon the unfortuate *hôteliers* in rotation, burn the torch of incense at both ends, and play upon the fears of the one and the hopes of the other. The Conservatives, headed by Garashanin, Zumich, and Mijatovich, though they would not actively oppose a declaration of war against the Turks, would do no more than just sufficient to avoid the charge of being unpatriotic. The leading idea of this party, which is the most moderate and possesses the largest amount of common sense, does not wish an entire separation from Turkey. Like the Basques, they wish their country to enjoy the advantages of forming part of an empire without sharing any of its liabilities—of forming an *imperium in imperio*. To this the Turks have no objection as long as Servia pays a modicum of tribute, whilst the Mijatovich party regard such a position as a tower of strength against Austro-Hungarian annexative proclivities, and the machinations of the Omladina and the exalted ideas of the Serb Socialists. Add to these internal dissensions the abundance of advice, persuasion, and dissuasion to which the Government is subjected by the representatives of the foreign Powers, and some idea may be formed of the perplexity Prince Milan is perpetually in. He is in this difficulty. If he does not espouse the winning side the Obrenovich dynasty is at an end. If not by Karageorgevitch, he will be succeeded by Prince Nikita. He probably does not doubt in the least that the Russians will be ultimately successful, but he does not know whether the Russians will be allowed to reap the fruits of their success; and if he opposes the wishes of those who will be able to prevent Russia from accomplishing her plans, what hope can he have that his wishes will be regarded? And besides that, there is no knowing how long the war may last, and whether his people's impatience may not be visited upon him, and he be made to suffer for Russian sins by the loss of his throne. But at the same time he also knows that, if successful, the Russians will have but scant consideration for him if he refuses to carry out their orders now. In short, Prince Milan is daily, hourly imploring the oracle to give a sign; but the oracle is mute. The future will not unravel itself. Thus the days speed on, and Prince Milan measures the hours by consular visits and consular badgerings; but the diplomatic clock is so out of gear, and the hands pursuing so erratic a course, that he never knows what time of day it is. All he can do is, therefore, to be ready. And as ready as it is possible to be with 20,000 men for attack, and 20,000 to defend the whole of his frontier, he already is. The question is whether Consul White, with his massive *bonhomie*, will succeed in inducing him to obey the counsel given by Lord Derby not to stir and be basely ungrateful for nothing, or whether Prince Gortschakoff will be able to persuade him to play a more heroic part. Taking the Servian character into consideration, it is more likely that Consul White will win the day as long as Plevna remains uncaptured. But the moment that Osman Pasha begins his retreat, it is morally certain that Servia will begin her advance, if it rests with the war party and M. Ristich.

THE DEATH OF M. THIERS.

Like many other men of his restlessly active temperament, M. Thiers has died suddenly. He rose, according to the most authentic account of his last day, a little earlier than his wont, at four o'clock in the morning, took a short walk, and sat down to work till half-past eleven, some six hours at a stretch. It need cause no surprise that a man of eighty persisting in such habits should die suddenly; the marvel rather is that he should have survived so long. It adds another to the many proofs that it is not hard work that kills so much as the nature of the work and the spirit in which it is taken. Thiers was never a brooding man; he seems to have been as universal in his interests as Macaulay, and as regular in his habits as Charles Dickens—a supreme example of the active mind, incessantly on the alert, brimful of intellectual curiosity, yet sufficiently master of himself to pursue his labours at stated times and seasons. Politics may be supposed to have occupied not a little of his attention within the last few weeks, yet the day before his death he held an ardent discussion with a painter who was engaged upon his portrait concerning the merits of Delacroix. Bacon himself did not more earnestly take all knowledge for his province. His first connexion with the *Constitutionnel* was as an art critic. "Young Thiers," a writer in the *Times* says, "did everything with surprising facility—Press controversies, art criticisms, travels, contributions to encyclopædias, memoirs of actresses, &c., and, above all, he commenced his 'Histoire de la Révolution.' Such a variety of occupations was not sufficient; he planned a universal history, fancied he had a scientific bent, went into abstruse calculations, traced meridians on his windows, went to his friends in the evening fervently reciting a phrase of Laplace, and prepared to undertake a voyage round the world." He even found time to emulate Armand Carrel as a man of fashion. And what Thiers was in his youth, he continued to be throughout the whole of his long life—ever eager in the pursuit of new knowledge, parcelling out his day into hours that had each their allotted task. To say that a man who lived till eighty overtasked his brain would sound somewhat absurd, and yet it is impossible to avoid the reflection that if M. Thiers had had the wisdom to perceive and the will to practise the happy medium between rusting idleness and wearing overstrain, his life, prolonged as it has been, need not have ended now. To every man of his temperament and habits there comes the fatal day with its trivial cause of over-restlessness, over-eagerness for work. He rises a little earlier, or he works a little longer, and the irreparable mischief is done. Only it took the Destroyer longer to discover the weak point in M. Thiers than in Macaulay, Dickens, and many other less distinguished men of the same generation who have had the good or the evil fortune to die in harness.

It is a very extraordinary occurrence that a man

should die at so advanced an age, and with so long a record of public activity, and yet leave his countrymen incapable of rendering due honour to his past services for dismay at the loss of services upon which they still counted. It might have been evident that the life of a man of eighty, however little sign he had given of decaying faculties, was an uncertain anchor to trust to; yet so indispensable was M. Thiers felt to be that the news of his death was at first received with incredulity—people could not believe that they were bereft without warning of a champion in whom they had built so absolute a trust—they repudiated the news almost as an incredible act of treachery. For the moment, at least, something of the consternation was experienced that attends the fall of a general in the midst of a battle. The orders issued by the surviving leaders of the Republican party also have the ring of repressed feeling and energetic promptitude proper to such an emergency. A more fitting time will be found, they say, for offering homage to the memory of the departed statesman. Meantime, the best homage they can offer is to fight with all their might for the principles of which he was the champion; *laborare est laudare*. The battle is proceeding; the remains of the fallen leader must be carried to the rear, to wait a more convenient season for ceremonious grief. Meantime, his soldiers must face the enemy as vigilantly and bravely as if they were still under his guidance. Such is the spirit in which the Republican Press recorded the death of M. Thiers, so different from the regretful and respectful obituaries with which great men are accompanied on their last journey in quiet times. But a strict parallel cannot be drawn between the war of armies and the war of parties. A general in actual fight must be either on one side or the other; the strange spectacle of the enemy claiming the right to do honour to his dead body for the sake of obtaining the prestige of his name is unheard of and impossible. This is what has happened in the case of M. Thiers. There could be no stronger testimony to the confidence reposed in him by the great mass of Frenchmen than the eagerness shown by the present candidates for permanent power to celebrate his funeral. They endeavoured to get from the dead body the support they failed to secure from the living man. It is true that worthier motives may be suggested for Marshal MacMahon's willingness to pay every ceremonial honour to the illustrious dead. Not to mention that it would have been a scandal to permit one who had deserved so well of his country to pass away without due acknowledgment of his services, Marshal MacMahon was under a personal obligation to M. Thiers; the general who bore part of the responsibility of Sedan had reason to be grateful to the statesman who again entrusted him with military command. To M. Thiers, indirectly, the President of the Republic owes his present position; and though he might have shown his gratitude in a way more acceptable to his benefactor and to the nation, it may well be supposed that he was glad to make this tardy and safe reparation. But there can be no doubt that there was a party object in the State funeral which the Marshal lost no time in proposing. It has been all along part of the policy of his present Ministers to propitiate the country by professing sympathy with moderate Republicans. Their ostensible aim is to rally round the Marshal moderate men of all parties. Here they had an admirable opportunity for impressing the lesson that it was not with such men as M. Thiers that their quarrel lay. By honouring M. Thiers with a splendid funeral at the same time that they were prosecuting M. Gambetta, they flattered themselves that they gave an unmistakeable demonstration of their fidelity to the cause of order. M. Thiers, the embodiment of all that is respectable in character and stable in government, belonged to them; they stepped in at the last moment like angels of light to rescue him from the demons with whom he was outwardly associated, and conduct him to his proper place.

The reverence professed by the French Government for the corpse of M. Thiers might have received credit for sincerity if they could have kept a stricter control on the more violent of their Imperialist confederates. But the Imperialists do not like M. Thiers, and they have not the discretion to forgo this last opportunity of insulting him. The panegyrist of the First Napoleon never showed the slightest leaning towards Imperialism. His notion of a Sovereign was not theirs; he never took office under the Empire, but adhered steadily to his ideal of a king who reigns but does not govern, till he became convinced that monarchy in any form was impossible for France. Hence M. Thiers at his best was never acceptable to the Bonapartists, and they could not bring themselves to speak of him with respect even while his tomb was open. The suppression of the Commune and the reorganisation of the army were the principal achievements for which they gave him credit; of his liberation of the territory from German soldiers they were obliged to speak more guardedly for fear of exciting disagreeable recollections of the Government which was responsible for the incubus. And against everything that they said to the credit of M. Thiers, they took care to set off the lamentable deterioration of his later years, when he became the dupe of Gambetta, and the associate of men banded together for purposes of assassination, arson, and pillage. In the circumstances it is not matter for surprise that Mme. Thiers should have put the sincerity of the Government to the test by refusing the honour of a public funeral for her deceased husband, except on the condition that she should be allowed to order it as would have been pleasing to him had he been alive. The unseemliness of the contest over the open grave is to be regretted, and perhaps the friends of M. Thiers were over-cautious; but it would have been too much to expect them, with their eyes open, to permit the funeral of their departed chief to be turned into a demonstration against themselves. The honour of interment by such a Government was not one to be very ardently desired, and Mme. Thiers was perfectly right to decline it except upon her own conditions.

Meanwhile the Republicans are using every means to emphasise their devotion to the principles of M. Thiers and their determination to move on the lines which he has laid down. Fortunately, M. Thiers put the conviction at which he arrived after the fall of the Second Empire into a form almost as portable as his famous phrase—"Le roi règne, mais il ne gouverne pas." "The Republic," he said, "exists; it is the legal Government of the country; to attempt anything else would be a new revolution, and that the most formidable of all." It would be impossible to pack into smaller space the argument for the Republic which appeals most powerfully to the ordinary citizen. Within the next six weeks there probably will not be a single citizen in France that will not know this argument by heart. The Republic is already an established institution; those who seek to overturn it are revolutionists. A sentence like this, throwing a patent fact into the form of a persuasive argument, works with a power against which all mere protestations of moderation are in vain. The loss of M. Thiers to the Republicans is great, but he could not easily have left a more valuable legacy.

WHO IS TO TAKE HIS PLACE?

Who is to fill the place of M. Thiers in the Republican party? If it is the case that the party has been kept together by his advice and influence, if it is his authority alone that has restrained the rash impetuosity of M. Gambetta, then, unless the pupil has profited sufficiently by the master's instructions to be able to walk without leading-strings, the loss is irreparable. If the experienced tact of M. Thiers was the mainspring of the Republican organisation, the mainspring is gone, and the organisation must go to pieces. But the assumption is more than doubtful. It is tolerably evident that M. Gambetta has been acting from his own motive, and not merely repeating a well-learnt lesson. Apart, however, from personal control of the Republican party through its acting leader, M. Thiers is generally supposed to have been essential to the cohesion of the party

and the success of its policy, as being the one man upon whom they could unite, and who would command the confidence of the country. It is necessary in the forthcoming elections that some name should be designated to the electors as the Republican candidate for the Presidency, whether the Marshal is driven to resign or whether he remains in office till the last day of his seven years' term; and the enemies of the party have been hoping either that they would fail to agree upon a nominee, or that their nominee would necessarily be less acceptable to the mass of the people than Marshal MacMahon. Sudden as was the death of M. Thiers, the contingency has not been absent from the calculations of the Bonapartists, and they have been praying for it as a lucky accident that would throw the Conservative Republicans into Marshal MacMahon's arms. They had supposed that M. Gambetta was ambitious of being the next President, judging from the fact that he had always been mentioned as the alternative to M. Thiers, and they calculated that Moderate Republicans would rather have MacMahon than Gambetta. The moderation which the Marshal has all along been instructed to profess was a deliberate bid for this vote. It seems that they had not overlooked the possibility of a third candidate, M. Grévy, the President of the National Assembly of Bordeaux, a Republican of older standing even than M. Thiers, and of equally indisputable moderation and respectability, though he could not boast of the same distinguished services to the State, and was a statesman of more limited popularity. But they believed that M. Gambetta would never consent to waive his claims in favour of M. Grévy, and that nothing but division could come of his candidature. In M. Gambetta's more violent days, M. Grévy had denounced him in very insulting terms, and accused him of compromising the Republic. He was reported to have said to M. Gambetta at Tours, "Vous avez beau faire. Vous ne serez jamais républicain. Vous êtes destiné à mourir dans la peau d'un rebelle." (You can do what you like. You will never be a Republican. You are destined to die in the skin of a rebel.) This insult, it was supposed, M. Gambetta never had forgiven, and never could forgive.

But M. Gambetta forgave the *fou furieux* of M. Thiers, and he seems to have shown the same magnanimity towards M. Grévy. This practice of openly speculating upon the dissensions of individuals might be called puerile if it were not the credulity of men hoping against hope. Surely in vain is the net spread in the sight of the bird. M. Gambetta would be very rash indeed if he walked into a trap in the midst of open exultations at the coming catastrophe. It required no great generosity to forgive M. Grévy. By discarding revolutionary vehemence, and adopting instead constitutional patience, M. Gambetta gained a victory as much over M. Grévy as over himself. He is young, and can afford to wait for the Presidency. Besides, he has not his notoriety to make; if he wished his name to be more widely known, the Ministry have done it for him by the present prosecution. M. Gambetta had infinitely more credit to gain by withdrawing his pretensions to the Presidency than by pushing them, even if he were certain of success; and he is as well aware of this as anybody else. The prospect of division in the Republican camp has been easily averted in so far as it was likely to be caused by rivalry between M. Grévy and M. Gambetta. Whether M. Grévy is sufficiently well known to the bulk of the electors to be a good candidate is another question. But we must remember that the Republican party is well organised, and that individual preferences do not count for a great deal in an electoral battle, in which there are clear issues at stake.

M. Grévy is not a Republican of yesterday. Even before the experience of the Second Empire he had come to the conclusion that the Republic was the only stable Government possible in France. In the National Assembly of 1848, he was the author of an amendment concerning the terms of the Presidential office, which became so famous and so identified with his name that he was asked by one of his perplexed constituents in the Jura whether his name was really M. Amendement or M. Grévy. If that amendment had been carried, it would have approximated the French Republic much nearer to what Mr. Bagehot held to be the essence of the British Constitution than the American model which was afterwards adopted, and had for its result the Empire. M. Grévy proposed that the President should be, like the Prime Minister, removable at the pleasure of the Popular Assembly. His famous amendment ran as follows:—"1. The National Assembly delegates the Executive Powers to a citizen with the title of President of the Council of Ministers. 2. The President of the Council of Ministers is elected by the National Assembly, and can be deposed at any moment by it." Part of the speech by which M. Grévy supported his amendment reads like a prophecy. "Citizens," he said, "you are endangering the Republic. Your President of the Republic possesses all the privileges of a king and all the moral prestige of one elected by the people. True, this power is not hereditary; it is only temporary. But just therein lies the danger. Are you certain that in the ranks of those who will successively hold power all will be Republicans? Will they all only be anxious to transmit the Presidency to their followers? Are you certain that none will be constrained by the ambition permanently to consolidate their own power? And if such a one were to be a popular man; if he were to be a general, surrounded by that nimbus of military glory which is so dear to every Frenchman; if he were to be the descendant of a renowned ruling family, and if the people, finding itself in a dangerous crisis, were to deliver up its freedom to those who conceal their plans under hypocritical promises—are you certain that such a man and such times will not come and the Republic be overthrown?"

The amendment was lost. It was proposed at the time when the law was brought in to permit the members of the Bonaparte family to return to France. And the most gifted opponents to the amendment were—strange irony of history—Victor Hugo and Lamartine! In an outburst of poetic eloquence, Victor Hugo exclaimed:—"I must speak. It is as though my father, an old soldier of the Empire, arose from his grave and implored me to speak. It is as though the spirit of modern times, which has nourished me, were crying out, 'The Revolution found the gates of France closed to some of her children; the Revolution shall open the portals to her children, and bid them enter.' And when I see how consciences are grovelling, how money rules, how corruption is rampant, how the highest offices are violated by the lowest lusts; when I compare the misery of the present day with the glories of the past, I feel at times irresistibly impelled to cry to the Chamber, to the Press—yea, to all France, 'Let us speak of the Emperor: that will elevate us all.'" Lamartine spoke in a similar strain. The consequence was that Grévy's amendment was lost by 643 votes against 158. Thus the gates of France were opened to the man of whom Thiers said, "He cheated us twice—once when he pretended to be a fool; a second time when he pretended to be a genius."

M. THIERS AS HISTORIAN AND ECONOMIST.

Since the news of M. Thiers' death reached England, little has been left unsaid concerning his career as a politician. It is to this phase of his life that men's minds now most naturally turn; but it is not at all the only phase. M. Thiers was many-sided. He was a man of letters long before he was a politician. He had made history for fully forty years, but he had written it for more than fifty. For many years he ceased to be an active participator in politics, but he was an economist, or aspired to be one, all his life; and the exact loss to France by his death would be inaccurately measured if we took no account of these sides of his career. There is the more reason to cast our eyes on what may be termed the secondary aspects of the man, because they have passed almost out of the knowledge of the younger generation. His books thirty years ago

were universally read. They were translated into most European tongues—even into Romaic. The mere titles of the works criticising or defending them occupy many pages in the catalogue of the British Museum. But who now reads his travels in the Pyrenees, or his essays on art, or even his 'Consulate and Empire'? Who even in France ever thinks of traversing the twenty volumes of the last? And yet when this work first appeared it was not deemed one page too long by the generation to which it appealed.

The truth was that, with all his endowments, M. Thiers lacked several of the qualities of a historian whose reputation is to be durable. He was singularly deficient in one quality, most needed of all, considering the nature of his task. Obliged to describe the glories of a time which outwardly seemed so magnificent, but which, as we see them in Lanfrey's truthful pages, look so poor, he was bound to be on his guard against dazzling illusions, and to judge his hero by the stern rules of morality and wisdom. But he does nothing of the sort; he justifies the *coup d'état* of the 18th Brumaire; he treats with harshness and contempt the many men round Napoleon, scarcely his inferiors in genius, who sought to save the Republic; he accompanies Napoleon's career with pæans of admiration, and then changes his tone, indulges in mild reproof when his hero has reached the inevitable goal, and asks, "Who could have foreseen that the sage of 1800 would be the madman of 1812 and 1813?" He himself somewhere speaks of "the sorrow of virtue" as being a characteristic of Tacitus. This sorrow is an element utterly lacking in his own histories. They judge men and things, one cannot help feeling, by standards which, disguise them as he may, have not the faintest reference to the well-being of the world. M. Thiers was born long before the Philosophy of History was much heard or thought of; he avowed that his conception of history was a sort of elaborate, interesting chronicle; and he is not to be much blamed if he shows profound incapacity to fathom the great causes in operation in French history. But anyone conversant with De Tocqueville's 'L'Ancien Régime,' who turns to the opening chapter of M. Thiers' 'History of the Revolution,' will be amazed at the inadequate and puerile character of his analysis of the trains of events leading up to the fall of the Monarchy.

M. Thiers affected to be an economist as well as an historian, and used to snub the Free Traders as novices in speculations to which he had devoted attention for fifty years. We confess that a retrospect of his labours in this field inspires one with anything but feelings of satisfaction. He was, it is fair to say, often in the right, especially in the controversies of 1848; but he was usually inadequately right—right, so to speak, in the wrong way. Take as an instance of his superficial treatment of a grave theme, in regard to which he said many excellent and timely things—the elaborate report which he wrote in the name of a Commission on Pauperism in France, and the best means of staying its progress. He refutes, with much skill, the wild schemes in vogue in 1848 for making the poor happy and comfortable at short notice by laying down the principle of *droit au travail*, founding credit banks, or issuing freely paper money. But the report, while acute and interesting, instils some errors almost as gross as those which it refutes. It eulogises the institutions founded by misdirected charity for the purpose of relieving parents of responsibility as to the care of their children. It brings the reader face to face with an immense social evil, and then mocks him by suggesting that it is to be cured by having recourse to friendly societies and savings banks. There is a certain shrewdness in the bulk of the arguments with which appeals to the State for assistance are turned aside, but it is a superficial shrewdness; the report does not show the slightest insight into the questions concerning population, which must lie at the root of all edifying discussions on pauperism. We might illustrate this view of his labours and influence as an economist by referring to his elaborate evidence or report submitted in 1866 to a Commission which was then investigating the credit institutions of France. But we prefer to glance at opinions more characteristic of the man. Just six-and-twenty years ago, M. Thiers wrote:—"Of all the chimeras I have had to combat, there is none more vain or more dangerous than what is called Free Trade." This was one of his earliest opinions, and though he has said and unsaid many things—though, in regard to most questions of politics, he has chopped and changed—he remained to the last faithful to this conviction; and at his death he was one of the few men of much intelligence in Europe who dared avow their attachment to Protectionism.

His reasoning on the subject was curiously uniform. He reproduced to the end of his life the very arguments which satisfied him in 1848 when Free Trade first raised its head in France. In his grotesque view of our history, Sir Robert Peel's adhesion to Free Trade had done England much harm, and had constantly exposed her to the risk of a serious deficit. But so far as Peel's tariff reforms were justifiable, they were simply imitations of the ancient fiscal policy of France. The distinction between the two countries had been the great preponderance of indirect taxes in this country, and the reliance of French financiers on direct taxes. Sir Robert Peel brought the English fiscal system nearer to that established in 1789 by sweeping away a host of taxes on articles of consumption; he increased the resemblance by re-establishing the Income-Tax, which is but an imitation of taxes already existing in France. If Free Trade meant anything beyond this, it was, in M. Thiers' view, pernicious. French agriculture and industries, he was sure, could not live, or at least thrive, without some form of protection; Russian wheat would undersell all that France could produce; and the peasant would be ruined if a bulwark of tariffs did not exclude plenty from the land. In a speech which he delivered in the Corps Législatif in 1866, these doctrines are pushed to almost ludicrous lengths. He draws attention to the distress in the agricultural districts; he analyses the causes in a manner which would make an English economist smile; he distinctly proves that abundance is at the root of it all; and he leaves the reader a little amazed that he does not express a wish for a good rousing famine. Perhaps we ought to speak in higher terms of his work 'Du Droit de Propriété.' But it is merely a rhetorical amplification of Locke's theory of property. The reasoning is not altogether satisfactory, and M. Thiers' adversaries, such as Prudhomme and Blanc, found no difficulty in picking holes in it. The work was full of sophisms, such as that "the rich man pays most of the taxes, because he consumes most"—a sophism which Prudhomme had no difficulty in showing, in his 'Théorie de l'Impôt,' to be either inaccurate or a crass *ignoratio elenchi*. In short, though M. Thiers had dabbled in economical questions ever since he first wrote in the *National*, he was profoundly ignorant of all that had been done by others; it may be doubted whether he was acquainted with any of the works of the great economists, whom he summarily dismissed as "wearisome people;" and his was a curious example of marvellous capacity put at the service of often puerile as well as mischievous errors.

THE CHEFOO CONVENTION.

The dastardly murder of Mr. Margary, a British consular official, which was perpetrated at the town of Momein, in the Chinese province of Yünnan, early in 1875, naturally excited general indignation. Little at first was or could be known of the details of an occurrence which took place in so remote a part of the Chinese Empire, and the sources of information available to our Minister at Peking being exclusively Chinese were of course untrustworthy. Sufficient, however, transpired, in the course of time, to convince Sir Thomas Wade that the Provincial authorities, including the Governor-General of Yünnan, were privy to the murderous plot, and to justify him in arraigning them as accomplices in the crime. It is anything but agreeable to think that though the outrage occurred two years and a half ago, its authors and instigators have not been brought

to justice, and that the Chefoo Convention negotiated in September last virtually "closes the incident." Our Minister failing—as was quite certain from the outset—to secure the punishment of the chief offenders, he would not accept the mockery of justice offered by the Chinese in the shape of the heads of two or three savages of the hill tribes, who might, or quite as likely might not, have been the tools employed by those who organised the scheme of the murder. So Sir Thomas Wade determined to make of necessity virtue, and accordingly with seeming magnanimity he waived the demand for punishment which he found impossible to enforce. In return for this apparent act of grace the Chinese Government undertook to revise the whole question of our relations with their country with a view to readjusting them on an improved basis. The negotiations which this undertaking gave rise to terminated last September, and the result is the diplomatic instrument known as the Chefoo Convention. It is in three sections, the first of which settles the Yünnan outrage, the Chinese being mulcted in an indemnity of some 50,000*l.*; the second section deals with official intercourse; and the third with trade.

The Chefoo Convention was, on its first appearance, favourably received by the mercantile communities in China. But its provisions have recently been subjected to a searching criticism by Mr. F. B. Johnson, the chairman of the Chamber of Commerce at Shanghai. This gentleman has embodied the views of the Chamber of Commerce in an able letter to the London Committee of the Chamber, and as emanating from those best qualified by their position and experience to judge of the merits and value of the new Convention these views well deserve attention. Treating the three sections of the Convention in the order in which they stand, the inadequate satisfaction obtained for Mr. Margary's murder is first animadverted on. "I may," says the writer, "when expressing the extreme regret of the Committee that it has not been deemed politic to insist upon the punishment of those concerned in the murder of the late Mr. Margary, take occasion to remark that, as the persons responsible for that foul outrage are understood to be officials in high place, this illustration of the perfidious character of the Chinese Government fully justifies the objection which this Chamber has invariably urged to any reliance being placed on the assurances and engagements of the native authorities unless accompanied by substantial guarantees." The fifth clause of the first section fixes the amount of the indemnity to be paid to the families of the officers (including Mr. Margary's native retinue) killed in Yünnan, and "on account of claims of British merchants, arising out of the action of officers of the Chinese Government, up to the commencement of the present year, at 200,000 taels" (about 55,000*l.*). This elicits the following comment:—"If the payment of the indemnity is understood to be a condonation for and satisfaction of all illegal imposts on British trade from commencement of intercourse till now, and to be a bar politically to any complaints against the Chinese Government in respect to such imposts, then I have no hesitation on behalf of the Chamber in entering a protest against the altogether inadequate and unsatisfactory character of the proposed settlement."

The strictures which follow on the second section of the Convention—that relating to official intercourse—savour of hypercriticism, and the writer seems to be travelling outside his brief. He expresses a fear that the subsidiary manner in which the clauses relating to the reform of the mixed Courts are introduced "will lead the natives to believe that the tendency of the Chinese mind to regard a breach of ceremonial as a matter of greater concern than a miscarriage of justice is in harmony with Western ideas." With all due deference to the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce, we do not think it competent to lecture so experienced a diplomatist as Sir Thomas Wade on the matter which comes within the scope of this section of the Convention. To a Western, no doubt our officials in the East may sometimes seem to attach too much importance to what seem mere questions of form and ceremony. But with Orientals form is everything. It connotes and implies the substance. Confucius is, as is well known, the oracle of the Chinese, and his teachings may be not inaptly characterised as the philosophy of formalism. If the Chinese once admit our status as an equal Power—which they can hardly be said to have yet done—the recognition of our rights will follow as a matter of course, for, with all their faults, they are really a logical and consistent people.

But of course the chief concern of the Chamber is with that portion of the Convention which is devoted to the subject of trade. The opening of four new ports to foreign commerce is hailed as a step in the right direction. Lord Russell, when Foreign Secretary, held that it was desirable to diminish the points of contact between foreigners and Chinese, but this policy is condemned by the Chamber as ill-advised, and is held responsible for all the troubles and disasters which have occurred of late years in our relations with the Chinese. And this seems to be our Minister's opinion also. The spirit of "exclusivism," as he calls it, is regarded by him as the source of all our difficulties with this people, and one of the chief aims of his policy has been to multiply the points of contact between foreigners and the Chinese. The intricate question of Inland Taxation is next handled. By the 28th Article of the Treaty of Tientsin, foreign goods on which, in addition to the ordinary import duty, a further *ad valorem* duty of 2½ per cent. has been paid, are freed from all further taxation when carried into the interior. But this rule is practically a dead letter. Goods on which this double duty has been paid, and which are, therefore, or ought to be, protected by the Transit Pass issued at the time of the second payment, are notwithstanding subject to a running fire of petty and vexatious taxation along the whole line of their route from the port of entry to the place of consumption. These additional imposts are known as the Likin Tax, and it is not surprising that the mercantile body in Shanghai should protest through its accredited representative against the continuance of so monstrous an abuse. It is, they argue, either an additional import duty, in which case, as regards goods of foreign origin, it is illegal, or it is an inland duty, and in that case it has been commuted by the payment of the 2½ per cent. *ad valorem* Transit duty. The Hankow Chamber of Commerce, in a memorial to the British Minister on this subject in 1875, complained that the great field to be found in the rich districts of Szechuen for foreign goods was entirely cut off except by submitting to enormous exactions on the road, amounting to six times the commutation tax as fixed by treaty. And Mr. Davenport, in his report on the Trading Capabilities of the Country, traversed by the Yünnan Mission, tells us that he learned from respectable Chinese that foreign goods were taxed seven times between Hankow and Chunking, and nine times between Hankow and Chêng Tu Fu, the capital of Szechuen, in addition, of course, to the regular custom-house duties. Sir Thomas Wade did not overlook these gross irregularities in framing his Convention, but his plan of dealing with them does not satisfy the Chamber of Commerce. On the contrary, "the Committee cannot conceal its disappointment at the manner in which this subject is treated in the Convention. Instead of a lucid and precise statement of the object to be attained and of the means arranged to secure it, the framers of the Convention take hold of one branch of the question of taxation, and deal with it in inconclusive language." But possibly a few verbal alterations, and the addition of a sentence or two, which could easily be introduced before ratification, might give to the Convention the sense desired by the mercantile body, which may not improbably have been that intended by the framers of the Articles. On the whole, it seems to us that the elaborate array of objections marshalled in the letter under our notice strike rather at the manner than the matter of the Chefoo Agreement. And we are glad to

find that certain of the clauses relating to Trade, No. 4, for instance, which stipulates that freedom from taxation should apply to the goods and not to the ownership of them, are unreservedly admitted to be valuable concessions. Perhaps instead of blaming Sir Thomas Wade for what he has left undone we should rather congratulate him on having without a display of force succeeded in accomplishing so much. His success has doubtless been but partial, but Sir Thomas is only a diplomatist, while the parties with whom he had to contend were—Chinese.

TRADES UNIONISM.

The gradual relegation of the subject of "picketing" and "rattening" from the sphere of current criticism to that of history, is the most forcible testimony to the general fairness of its treatment, by Mr. Howell, in the new number of the *Contemporary Review*. Instances of intimidation occur, no doubt; and there have lately been some grounds for supposing that in the diabolical game of rattening the hand of the Sheffield workman has not yet quite lost its cunning. But coercion has fallen into disrepute among the artisans as a body, whilst the vigour with which every Unionist leader denounces the practice leaves nothing to be desired. Even the Trades Union Commissioners failed, after the most minute inquiry, to discover evidences of systematic terrorism anywhere except in Manchester and Sheffield. The Unions in general were unfairly made to share the disgrace of thirteen associations in the city of sawgrinders; and the result was a widespread suspicion of the real aims of Trade Combination, which manifested itself in the spirit in which the new Labour Laws were interpreted, and even—according to Mr. Howell—in the spirit in which they were framed. We cannot, however, follow Mr. Howell, if he really means to say that Parliament was no wiser than the magistrates. The main, and apparently the only, fault in the Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1871 lies in its speciality. The Legislature, instead of subjecting cases of "picketing" and "rattening" to the operation of the ordinary laws about offences to person and property, treated them with reference to Trades Unionism as such. This would lead unthinking persons to conclude that there must be something essentially dangerous in the institution. But in so far as its wording is concerned, we fail to detect any sign of the Act having been "founded upon the pre-supposition of criminal intentions on the part of that large section of Her Majesty's subjects known as Trades Unionists." The Act was distinctly directed against the use of violence, threats, molestation or obstruction, "with a view to coerce," and the third offence is described as "persistently following" a workman, or hiding his tools, or "besetting" his house. The grievance of the Trades Congress Committee was that "coerce" in the Act meant "induce," so that a workman might be sentenced to three months with hard labour for endeavouring to dissuade another from accepting employment under an obnoxious master.

The charge that the Legislature deliberately defined "rattening," mobbing, and personal violence as means of moral suasion refutes itself. The full and true meaning of the new law was further indicated in another Act—to which Mr. Howell might have referred—the Trades Union Act of 1871, which declares that "mere restraint of trade" (that is to say, the very ground of the masters' protest against "picketing") "is not to be deemed unlawful" either civilly or criminally. The Act recognised, in the most emphatic manner, the right of any workmen—say Mr. Nisbett's or Mr. Goolden's masons—to "restrain" non-Unionists from working in a proscribed shop, provided their "restraint" were purely moral, logical, persuasive; provided also the person restrained were willing to listen to the voice of the charmer. Otherwise, the said charmer would become liable to be prosecuted as a public nuisance. This, the common sense interpretation of the law, was that which was lately adopted by Mr. Russell Gurney in the cabinet-makers' case, by Mr. Baron Bramwell at the Manchester Summer Assizes last year, and by Mr. Baron Huddleston, when delivering judgment on the engineers' strike at Erith. Nevertheless, the extraordinary fact is as Mr. Howell puts it. Numerous cases of maladministration of the law occurred during the four years subsequent to the passing of the Act of 1871. Union officers were convicted for peaceful applications on account of overdue subscriptions; others, "for speaking persuasively;" and some more for distributing handbills, as the most expeditious and least inoffensive mode of persuading. The sentence, by the Hammersmith police magistrate, to two months with hard labour, of a distributor who "did not even persuade," did not even speak—as they say—to the complainant, will perhaps be cited by the smart writers of the year 1977 as an amusing illustration of their great-grandfathers' notions about industrial freedom.

The folly of disbelief in the common sense of most, of distrust in humanity—such is a chief moral conveyed by the history of industrial law, since 1349 at least, when masters were a drug in the market, and the men attempted to turn the ill wind of the Black Death to their own advantage. For 500 years masters strove to keep wages below their "natural level;" the men, above it; and the usual unpleasant consequences have followed from the attempt to abolish a law of nature. It has actually taken them half a millennium to discover that one leg of a pair of scissors is as indispensable for the business of cutting as the other half. During that very long space, both legs of the industrial scissors were in a state of rivalry—having their respective edges jagged, and blunted, and shattered, for their pains. The pillory and cropping of the ears were the sequel of combinations for raise of pay or reduction of time. That is the punishment with which, even as late as 1725, the Manchester Justices would have been at liberty to visit the Nisbetts of the period. Violence was the inevitable accompaniment of a legacy of ancient hate and suspicion; and Unionists have committed even worse crimes than mixing gunpowder with a sawgrinder's filings, or blowing up his premises, or shooting him with an air-gun. And now we are beginning to learn the effects of the opposite policy of mutual confidence and open, straightforward dealing between the men and their employers—a policy, however, to which the abdication by the State of its old right to interfere in trade disputes, as such, has been a necessary preliminary. The Criminal Law Amendment Act of 1875, which destroyed the special character of the Act of 1871—by treating trade offences as ordinary civil or criminal offences—marked a vast change in popular opinion and feeling on the subject of combination, at the same time that it demonstrated the political power wielded by the Trades Unions. The Trades Union leaders have justified the trust reposed by the public in their sense of justice, and, in fact, implied in the recent Labour Acts. Mr. Howell cites one or two remarkable instances—one of them having occurred last year, in consequence of a strike among the Bristol masons. The members of a lodge were guilty of intimidation, the master appealed to the executive of the Union, who deputed their representative to investigate the facts, who denounced the strikers, and refused them strike-pay. In a word, the Legislature have practically put the Unionists on their honour—the shrewdest, as well as the most generous policy in the long run.

An equally natural consequence of legislative abdication is the growing enlargement and elevation of the purposes of Trades Unionism. Their old definition as mere organisations for raising wages is already too cramped—at any rate, in the case of the best-managed Unions. They are assuming the character of associations for the conduct—in common with the employers—of business on terms most advantageous to both. No doubt the organisation of the "hands" alone merits all the commendation which Mr. Howell, like Mr. Henry Crompton, bestows upon it. Organisation, as such, is a guarantee that a trade-war, if it is to happen, will be fought in a civilised, and not after a

Bashi-Bazouk fashion. Insufficient organisation was partly the cause of the barbarous strike on the American railways, upon which Mr. Goldwin Smith writes an interesting essay in the same number of the *Contemporary Review*. But the combination of men alone is a mere lop-sided organisation. Or, to revert to our metaphor, its plight is that of a scissors-leg trying to do business on its own solitary account. Both legs must snip harmoniously on their common rivet, and the rivet in this case is the Board of Conciliation, or Arbitration. The general adoption of some machinery of the kind will be necessitated by the increasing complexity of the questions affecting the rise and fall of wages, and the general tendencies of trade. In this way the Unions are becoming powerful instruments for the teaching of political economy—the very kind of knowledge of which Unionists, whether men or masters, stand most in need. What more powerful plea for Conciliation Boards than the confession of an ironworkers' delegate, that "you cannot see a fortnight before you in the trade"? How have the Bolton operatives acquired the gift of prevision to such an extent as to justify them in offering to work for two years at the old rate, if the masters only consent to withdraw their notice of reduction? Do they know so very correctly what the state of the cotton trade may be between this date and the autumn of 1879? Such questions can only be satisfactorily settled in conjoint deliberation between the ablest and the trusted representatives of both sides. Parliament has on three or four separate occasions made laws for the establishment of Arbitration Boards on the model of the Conseils des Prud'hommes in France—*i.e.* for legalising the awards of such Boards. But all these Acts are practically useless for the object in view—either on account of restrictions as to the subject-matter of awards, or the permanence of the Boards, or their ability to settle future rates of wages. The Unions must take the matter into their own hands, and complete the Arbitration or Conciliation system by agreeing to make the duration of a contract co-existent with the period for which the rate of wages may by common consent be fixed in advance. Such, also, is the general scheme which, as we understand him, Mr. Goldwin Smith would advocate for America. The suggestion made by many people in that country, to the effect that the State should interfere in these trade disputes, is wholly unworthy of the great Republic. It is impossible that the Americans should lag behind their old-fashioned motherland. The suggestion must have been owing to the scare naturally produced by the suddenest and most formidable strike on record. But, now that the fright has passed away, it will be generally admitted, with Mr. Goldwin Smith, that the worst outrages were rather the work of the rowdies, loafers, and idle blackguards, than of *bonâ fide* workmen. At the same time, the American strikers have accomplished the most gigantic known feat in rattening. The only difference was that the rattened goods were the employers'; and not saws and files, but whole railway lines, with their stations and rolling-stock. This, says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "society cannot endure;" but we fear that society must endure it—even American society, with its deep-seated love for legality and order—until workmen and their employers come to acknowledge that a trade question has at least two sides to it. We would recommend the American labourers, as also all our own half-organised Unions, to take a leaf out of the book of the North of England ironworkers, who, because they were undisciplined Bashi-Bazouks, were perpetually at loggerheads with the masters, up to the year 1869, but who have lived on the friendliest and most profitable terms with them ever since they hit on the happy expedient of starting a Permanent Board.

THE BLACK INTERNATIONAL.

Liberal ideas have made such tremendous progress within the last three decades amongst the Anglo-Teutonic races, that the present generation can scarcely realise the intellectual stagnation of a vast portion of the population of Europe, or the vicious system that produces it. When we read of the miracles worked at Lourdes, and that the Holy Well at Marpingen in rationalistic Germany has to be guarded by two gendarmes to protect the infatuated crowd from accidents, scarcely any deeper impression is produced upon our minds than when we read of some wretched old hag having been charged with witchcraft by the small-witted bumpkin she has defrauded of a crown. We scarcely smile, and think no more of the matter. It is too silly to think about. But if a large majority of the nation were to be systematically reduced to the bumpkin's level of mind, and used for the benefit of a scheming section to intimidate and oppress the enlightened portion of society, the matter becomes serious. Yet such is the state of affairs in the larger portion of the Continent. The Red International, which defies the law, is but an unimportant excrescence compared with the Black International, which works within the law society has bound itself by, which pervades all the relations of daily life, and for its own benefit turns against society the engines society has constructed for its own defence. It is not surprising that any autocratic or despotic State should be jealous of such a power, and seek, as in Prussia, to possess itself of the means whereby this power was obtained. But at the same time care should be taken that there is not simply a transfer of the means and the power to other hands. A Catholic Pope at Rome, or a Protestant Pope at Berlin, would in the result amount to much the same thing. Nor is the danger of such a consummation quite imaginary. In Xeres, the other day, the family of a man, who was absent on a journey, was persuaded by their priests to make an *auto da fé* of his collection of 10,000 books; and when the owner returned and expressed his opinion of the act in no measured terms, he was forced to apologise to the priests for the language he had used towards them. But at the same time we hear that in Prussia the Minister of Public Instruction has issued a decree forbidding the use in any public schools of reading books that have not received his sanction; whilst in Austria, under practically liberal laws, a strict supervision is extended, not only to the adages, &c., in the copy-books, but even to the pictures and the literary extracts outside on the cover; and even the popular songs—the "Volkslieder"—sung in the schools have been emasculated, according to the ideas of the Church and specific Austrian patriotism. Thus the only difference between the Xeres and the German incidents is one of degree, in which the balance of power is really on the German side.

It will of course be said that such occurrences would be impossible in England. But that is by no means so certain. The temptation of acquiring power by the same means as the Roman Catholics use is very great indeed, and the very existence of the notorious Holy Cross Society proves that there are plenty of individuals weak-minded enough to yield to it, and unscrupulous enough to make full use of the power. The storm of indignation, however, which this Society has provoked, is due to one of its tenets rather than to its general principles. Attention has been concentrated on the 'Priest in Absolution' rather than on the whole organisation. And as the principles of this book are illegal within the Church of England, or, what comes to the same thing, held to be illegal by the vast majority, the Holy Cross Society will have seen that it committed a blunder by stepping beyond the law, and will confine itself in future within the limits of the law, which permits its members to obtain quite the same results as could be obtained by following out the precepts of the 'Priest in Absolution.' For instance, in some of the provincial towns in England, the Church of England clergy hold monthly conferences, at which the inhabitants of their parishes are "considered." Those who, in the eyes of their clerical censors, are a scandal or a danger to the Church, are carefully noted down, and various means adopted to bring them into the fold, or drive them out of the town. Their

names are sent to the local trade protection societies, and inquiries made about them. Town gossip takes the place of confession, and battalions of old maids and young maids, both male and female, let loose upon them. And so strong is the clerical element that even the medical profession is made use of to do its share of the work. The lower classes are brought to reason by the withdrawal of out-door relief and similar manœuvres. That in a provincial town everyone should know all about his neighbour is of course inevitable; nor is the fact, on the whole, very objectionable. But it is highly objectionable that the clergy should form a close corporation, and, focussing all this knowledge into a powerful engine, turn it to their own and their friends' advantage.

Viewed in this light, the present struggle in Germany between Church and State possesses more than a merely objective interest for Englishmen generally, and all the more so as England is in no small measure responsible for the increase of power that has enabled the Roman Catholic Church to throw down the gauntlet and force Prince Bismarck to declare that Germany will not go a second time to Canossa. On September 20, 1850, Great Britain permitted the Pope, in direct defiance of the law, to establish the Roman Catholic hierarchy in England; and though a law was passed against Roman Catholic episcopal titles and the nomination of Cardinals within the British realm, it remained a dead letter, with no better defenders than Mr. Whalley and Mr. Newdegate. "By this victory," said the Nuncio at Brussels, Monsignor Vanutelli, "we gained ten times more than we lost in 1848." "The introduction of the new hierarchy into England," said Father Beckx, the General of the Jesuits, "is the new rock on which the foundations of the Church will grow stronger than ever." "My friend," said the Mexican Nuncio, Monsignor Meglia, on his departure from Mexico in June, 1865, "your Emperor signed away his throne last December. He has but France to lean on. But what is France against the United States or Britain? Truly Munroe was a great man!" These triumphant—almost involuntary—outbursts amply show what importance was attributed to the victory British indifference did not care to dispute. It was followed by the renewed clerical agitation in Germany, and by the introduction of the new hierarchy on March 4, 1852, into Holland, after England the most intensely Protestant country in Europe. On December 8, 1854, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was promulgated. On the same day, ten years later, December 8, 1864, the Jesuit Father Peronne's encyclical, *Quanta Cura*, and the Syllabus were launched forth by Pius IX. as a formal declaration of war against all heretical States. In 1867 the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Peter offered another opportunity to the restless activity of the Curia to continue its agitation; and the address to the Pope signed by 450 Bishops on July 1, 1867, determined the convocation of the Vatican Council and the promulgation of the dogma of Papal Infallibility in 1870.

The gauntlet was thus thrown down. Prussia alone took it up, and replied with the *brutum fulmen* of the Falk laws. But Rome, relying on the inert mass of bigotry, superstition, and ignorance of the lower classes, and the fanatical activity of the feudal aristocracy, was far too crafty to endeavour to oppose force by force, and entered upon a policy of effectuating a close alliance between Church and State where the State espoused her cause, but demanding the separation of the Church from the State where the State was, or is, her enemy. Hence in France, Austria, Spain, and Belgium the Church controls the State more or less. In Holland, in England, and the United States she competes unhindered with the State. In Prussia alone there is open war between them. But one might as well try to dig a grave in water as dig the grave of Ultramontanism in the intellectual swamp from which the Romish Church derives its rank luxuriance. This conviction is clearly expressed by the *National-Liberal-Correspondenz*, which says:—"As soon as Ultramontanism should appeal to force, force will be opposed to it, and that thoroughly; but as long as it only appeals to brute ignorance, the State can do no more than attend to the progress of education. The process may appear too slow to the impatient, but it is the only right one."

This is perfectly true. No other means can be employed. It is therefore the duty of all Liberals, in whatever country and under whatever *régime* their lines may be cast, jealously to watch over the development of this engine and oppose it to the machinations of the Black International in whatever form they may appear. This applies to the Liberal party in Austria more than to any other, and all the more so as they may fear political designs on the part of Prussia, and still more as they possess the means of combating the aggressions of the clericals. But, unfortunately, they seem to have been as careless and indifferent as their colleagues in England, with not one tithe of the security. Englishmen can afford to play with the fire, but Austria cannot. Inaction on her part will wreck her on the Roman Scylla or the Prussian Charybdis. The Confessional Laws, for which the Minister of Public Worship in Austria, Dr. von Stremayr, is responsible, but which were drawn up by Karl Lemayr, Giskra's son-in-law, were promulgated May 25, 1868, and confirmed in May, 1874, owing in a very great measure to the representations of the Emperor William, especially at the Imperial interview at Salzburg in 1871, when it soon became known that the subject of the Imperial remonstrances was not the Red, but the Black International. To point out the various concessions to Liberal principles embodied in the Austrian laws would far exceed the limits of this present article. Suffice it to say, that these laws remain a dead letter or are only put into execution when they favour the clerical and Ultramontane parties. For instance, liberty of conscience is guaranteed, and the establishment of religious orders and communities permitted with the sanction of the ministry. Consequently the establishment of monastic communities and schools is allowed whenever permission is asked for, and a Jesuit establishment introduced wherever there is a Protestant establishment to be stifled or a Liberal community to be disintegrated by the large funds and social influence at the command of the Church. Thus in Teschen a convent has been established by the nuns expelled from Prussian Silesia. This was done in the face of the almost unanimous opposition of the municipality, after their opinion as to the necessity of such convent and schools had been asked for by the ministry. Their opposition was in vain. Dr. Forster, the expelled Bishop from Prussia, succeeded in his object, and now we hear that the *Öffentlichkeitsrecht*—Public School Rights—is to be accorded to this establishment. These Public School Rights—entailing privileges necessary for the career of a citizen—are accorded right and left to the conventual establishments, but scarcely ever to liberal and Old Catholic or Protestant institutions. So it is throughout. The laws are interpreted solely in favour of the Church; and that is the reason why the Curia does not object to the liberal laws promulgated by Dr. Stremayr, whilst it objects to the same laws in Prussia. They are enforced in the one country, but not in the other.

Now it must be clear to the most average understanding that such a state of affairs on the borders of Prussia will not be tolerated if Prussia has the power to prevent it. On the other hand, if Prussia should not have the power, and the Black International succeeds in consolidating its forces, Liberalism in Austria would be destroyed for many and many a year. If Liberalism, however, assisted by the material forces directly and indirectly at the disposal of Prussia, remains firm, there can be no doubt as to the result. But to wage the war successfully, the tactics of the Blacks must be exposed, and counter measures adopted wherever they show themselves; and as the word has gone forth from the Vatican to its representatives abroad to carefully avoid any open contravention of the law, it only depends upon the Liberals of every country to checkmate them by and within the law. Cardinal Simeoni has thus, if not inaugurated, at any rate

adopted, a very different policy to that of his predecessor. In Germany the clergy, dispossessed by the State or not, have received the most extensive powers, and the people are taught that it is better not to go to church at all rather than to one only licensed by the State. Customers are introduced to, or withdrawn from, tradespeople, and tradesmen persuaded to withdraw their credit from customers. Even important firms in Alsatia, Belgium, and the Rhine provinces have been induced to break off their connexion with persons obnoxious to the clergy. Numberless local clubs have been formed in Germany and France for the purpose of disseminating clerical literature, and large sums paid directly to the Press, or indirectly by subscribing for a large number of copies. Money is distributed to the poor, orders and titles to the nobility, and special audiences granted at the Vatican. In reply to a deputation of 450 members of the Press, Pius IX. said, on June 10 last:—"First unity, but then, though it is the duty of the Press to uphold the truth, for many reasons I advise you to name no names. It seldom does good, but often does harm; and therefore I say to you, do not always say what you know and think." This fully characterises the movement now in progress. Secrecy is to be strictly observed. No more is to be said publicly than is absolutely necessary. This plan appeals with wonderful success to a very large section of the public both high and low. There seems to be a wonderful attraction in "Secret Societies" for the young and enthusiastic, who are thus unwittingly made the tools of their astute leaders, and this, coupled with the vulgar admiration for titles, places a mighty weapon in the hands of the noble ladies who turn more heads with a look of confidence, a well-simulated blush, and a hurried pressure of the hand, than volumes of argument. There is quite an army of these knights and ladies errant traversing Europe in all directions, opening up communications, organising fresh societies, and collecting funds. We need but mention Prince Radziwill, who has made the Holy Well of Marpingen the fashionable resort for the Ultramontane aristocracy; or Madame de Nadaillac, who does the same to the best of her power for Lourdes; or the Princesses Windischgrätz; or the widow of the Emperor Ferdinand in Prague, to say nothing of the two high personages to whom Count Beust in no slight measure owed his fall from power. These, and hundreds of others, devote their time and money to the "cause," their activity—almost omnipresent—having given rise to the report of the establishment of a "Catholic League," with its central, sub-central, and branch committees. There is no necessity for such a League. The organisation already exists, and has long existed. Every single priest and his flock is a branch committee; every Cardinal, Archbishop, or Nuncio is a sub-central; and the Propaganda, Father Beckx and Pius IX. the great central. All that has been done has been to unite more closely the associations already existing, to create fresh ones, to extend the "Intelligence Department" of the Pontifical War Office, and to sow dissension wherever it is possible. Hence the idea that the Vatican discourages English Ritualism is a complete fallacy, which shows how little those who indulge in it know of the true character of Roman Catholic politics. Let it be known once and for all, and in spite of all denials, that no true Catholic can act politically or legislate against the policy of the Vatican. Where such appears to be the case, it will be found that it is a temporising policy that is being carried out. We may be prepared to allow any Church the fullest latitude as a social machine, but cannot tolerate any attempts to organise it as a political engine.

THE REVIVAL OF LEGAL TORTURE.

Mr. Taswell-Langmead, in his valuable epitome of our constitutional history, describes torture as "abhorrent to the common law of England," on the authority of Hallam, who says that "the common law of England . . . neither admits of torture to extort confession, nor of any penal infliction not warranted by a judicial sentence." We fear that this is an instance in which the practice of the Courts differs widely from the theory of the law. It is true that physical pain is no longer employed in order to make prisoners admit their guilt, but it can hardly be denied that there is such a thing as moral persecution. And, whatever may be the views of the legal profession, the public is not likely to forget that there are other people whose interests are directly involved, in criminal proceedings besides Judges, counsel, and prisoners. It is the treatment of the harmless, necessary witness that suggests a doubt as to the soundness of Hallam's dictum. The liability to be served with a subpœna being incident to all subjects of the Queen, the possibilities of ill usage which such service entails are of general interest and importance.

Few persons can be so indifferent to the reputation of the English Bar as to have read without shame and regret the cross-examination by Mr. Williams of the convict Benson some ten days ago at Bow Street. It is much to be lamented, though it is of course inevitable, that a prisoner undergoing his sentence should be put into the witness-box. But it is certainly not inevitable, and it certainly is not only lamentable but unendurable, that his appearance in Court should be made the occasion for a "scene" between himself and the counsel for the defence, which is better suited for a transpontine theatre than a judicial tribunal, which encourages and increases the morbid sympathy too often felt for successful crime, and which suggests an alarming comparison between the walls of a prison and the clutches of an Old Bailey lawyer. Sir James Ingham's occasional interpositions are certainly not sufficient to dispel the impression that a serious and important inquiry is being turned into a vulgar, and, we fear, an attractive show. The decay of the legitimate drama may be partly accountable for this curious transformation, which might well be accompanied by the division of the police-courts into stalls and pit, and the exaction of fees for entrance, so that the national purse might be filled at the expense of the national credit. Our criminal lawyers are too modest. "This wagging of the finger and bating of the breath, this Sadler's Wells sarcasm and melodramatic malignity," if we may apply to Mr. Williams the words which Lord Beaconsfield used of Mr. Roebuck, should surely not be exhibited gratis.

But "cross-examination to credit," as lawyers call the habit of assailing the testimony of a witness by asking offensive and irrelevant questions, does something more than outrage public decency. The treatment to which Mrs. Bravo was subjected by the Attorney-General and Mr. Lewis was not only shocking but dangerous, for it was quite sufficient to make any penalty seem preferable to the position of a witness. Perhaps few people realise how far an unscrupulous counsel may go. It is laid down by Sir James Stephen, in his 'Digest of the Law of Evidence,' that, subject to an almost obsolete power of interference by the Court, a witness may be compelled to answer any question the reply to which might conceivably have the effect of damaging his credit with the jury. Monstrous as this theory is, we doubt if it be not exceeded in practice. It may be remembered, for instance, that during the trial of Arthur Orton the Lord Chief Justice allowed Dr. Kenealy to ask a witness for the prosecution, who was called to give evidence in a case of disputed identity in which he had no personal interest whatever and no conceivable motive for not speaking the truth, whether he had many years before committed adultery. It is, we think, much to be regretted that the Benchers of Gray's Inn did not disbar the claimant's counsel for attacking, without a shadow of evidence or the remotest prospect of benefit to his client, the characters of unprotected witnesses rather than for editing a journal against whose contemptible slanders every person aggrieved has his remedy by action. For it is abundantly clear that the immunity of counsel from actions for slander was established by the Courts and acquiesced in by the public at a time when the rules of evidence were far more strictly observed than they are now, and when Judges were much less reluctant to interfere with the "discretion" of barristers. These

changes have doubtless their advantageous side. Much strictly relevant evidence was formerly inadmissible, and legitimate methods of defence were occasionally impeded by judicial interposition. But the administration of justice may be hampered by undue encouragement of forensic licence as well as by undue restriction on forensic liberty; and the fact that the Bench is the sole check upon the Bar should remind the Judges that the introduction into legal proceedings of irrelevant scandal is not only a gross waste of public time, but a grave obstacle to the discovery of truth. That a man, and even a woman, called for the purpose of proving the authenticity of a signature or the payment of a bill, should be liable to impertinent questions on the most private and remote transactions of his or her life, is a fact which, to say the least of it, does not tend to foster the voluntary production of valuable testimony, or the scrupulous adherence to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. If Parliament is not to intervene with the introduction of hard-and-fast rules where discretion controlled by circumstances is to be preferred, the Bench must act speedily and vigorously. Reform cannot be expected from the Bar. No really great advocate ever resorts to the expedient of which we are complaining, but average lawyers cannot be expected to look beyond the immediate interests of their clients to the ultimate interests of the public. If once a Judge of real influence and authority were to prohibit a question directed against the moral character of a witness, but not reasonably calculated to impair the value of his evidence on the actual subject before the Court, cross-examination to credit would cease to be what it is—a terror to respectable people—and become what it ought to be—a minor auxiliary to the investigation of facts.

THE CITY'S ESTATE.

Figures that speak for themselves should be easy reading. Here are a few taken from the Chamberlain's accounts, which, if they afford us no amusement, cannot fail to impart some information. It appears that the total assets of the Corporation of the City of London for the past year amounted to 384,345*l.* 0*s.* 7½*d.* sterling, exclusive of the sum of 135,621*l.* invested in Consols, which is not carried out as a cash asset. The liabilities are chiefly interests on loans to cattle markets, and amount to some 90,124*l.*, leaving a balance of cash assets over cash liabilities of 294,220*l.* in round numbers. The contingent liabilities, as they are called, are not included in the above statement, for the reason that the Corporation is only contingently liable, should the trust revenues and surplus lands prove insufficient. On the other hand, the value of the Corporation's estates is not included. Some of these contingent liabilities are not small—for example, 400,000*l.* as a loan raised for the New Metropolitan Cattle Market; 85,000*l.* spent on New Cannon Street; 1,800,000*l.* on the Holborn Valley and Farringdon Market Improvements; 591,900*l.* chargeable on the Holborn Valley surplus lands; 1,387,000*l.* on poultry and provision, fruit, vegetables, and flower markets; 235,000*l.* on the enlargement of Billingsgate Market; 93,500*l.* on the rebuilding of the Royal Exchange; 300,000*l.* rebuilding Blackfriars Bridge; 315,000*l.* for the purchase of Southwark Bridge; 70,000*l.* for the preservation of Open Spaces, a very desirable outlay indeed. Altogether making, with some odds and ends of 5,000*l.* and 255,000*l.* for the Foreign Cattle Market at Deptford, a total of contingent liabilities of 5,452,400*l.* sterling; and it cannot be denied that this is a very serious sum of money. The rents and quit rents, however, all show well. The Metropolitan Cattle Market at Islington brought in 44,126*l.* during the past year; the London Central Market, 69,439*l.* during the same period. The total receipts, as given in the Income and Expenditure account, amounted to 300,625*l.*, while the expenditure reached 301,266*l.*; there was, however, a balance of 63,147*l.* brought forward from 1875, so that the Corporation are on the safe side.

It is chiefly in the figures under the head of Expenditure that our interest lies, and which speak so plainly for themselves. In the accounts published in the *Times* the other day, there is a stupid omission—namely, the item of 27,576*l.* sterling spent on the last reception of the Prince of Wales by the City authorities. Surely they are not ashamed to entertain their Prince, and there is nothing more interesting than the distribution of expenditure on such a high occasion. The sum does not include the price paid for a train gown, state train robe, and velvet reception robe for the Right Hon. W. J. R. Cotton, M.P., which amounted to 196*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.* The upholsterer's work for this one glorious day's celebration amounted only to 4,534*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*, the carpenter's work to 2,226*l.*, the painter's to 1,287*l.*, besides which was a temporary building over Guildhall Yard which cost 4,000*l.* One firm of cooks and vintners received 5,098*l.* for the banquet, while another got no less than 1,731*l.* for wines; 51*l.* went for soda water; 780*l.* for flowers, and the Committee gave themselves distinguishing badges which cost 549*l.* 18*s.* Let us be glad that the hair brushes required on that day of days, together with the necessary perfumery, came to no more than 145*l.*, the wands only to 117*l.*, and that the Committee managed to defray many little incidental expenses for the round sum of 300*l.* The toastmaster only received 27*l.*, the scenic artists 60*l.*; superintending the wine cost 124*l.*, the ball-room fittings only 744*l.*; and it is delightful to know that on the next day after the feast all this finery was sold to the highest bidder, and realised 815*l.*: so that the whole of the 27,576*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* could not be said to be lost. Whether the champagne knives put down as costing 63*l.* were included in the above sale we are not informed; 559*l.* for banquet and ball tickets we think excessive, especially as it does not include 297*l.* for general printing and lithography. Still it is best to be particular, for without such explicit returns how could one know the full honour we had yielded to the Prince, or how to improve the occasion when he should consent to another reception by our great civic authorities? It should not be omitted that on this one day of happy memory "the officials" received in gratuities only the paltry sum of 500*l.* It is, after all, hard work to receive a Prince of the Royal Blood; it involves a good deal of over-work, and it is only fair that a man whose duties begin at ten in the morning and end at four in the afternoon should receive some recognition of his self-denial for sitting twelve hours longer in honour of a Royal visitor. Let us hope that the charwomen came in for something more than the broken victuals and the privilege of emptying the cups of the illustrious party.

The charitable donations of the year stand out in admirable array. To poor widows of Freemen was given 210*l.*, and 500*l.* was allowed for private charitable distribution by the members of the Common Council. On account of the Queen's visit to the London Hospital 1,000*l.* was spent, and the truly magnificent sum of 5,717*l.* 10*s.* was sent to no less than fourteen of the leading metropolitan charities; but the sum included 210*l.* to a retiring clerk on account of his ill-health, and the 1,000*l.* previously mentioned; 413*l.* was a sum spent on honorary votes, including emblazoning of the freedom of the City, gold caskets, and photographs to H.R.H. Prince Leopold, the Lord Chief Justice, Sir Salar Jung, and General Airy; 5,363*l.* was a sum spent on education; 510*l.* on the National Training School for Music, and some odd 3,000*l.* was spent on committees; 500*l.* went to the Guildhall library. A curious item is 75*l.*, paid to newspapers for reports of the Corporation's proceedings. Apparently these are not of sufficient public interest to secure the gratuitous attendance of reporters; the newspapers are bribed, as it were, to inflict them on their readers. On the whole, it was a year of much activity, and the sum of 10,000*l.* paid to the Lord Mayor, we are quite assured, was duly earned. Trade received a spurt; religion was not neglected; art has no just cause for displeasure, much less for despair; and if the Liberal party think they can make any great reform in the administration of the City's Estate they are very much mistaken. At any rate, he will be a bold, as he will needs be an able, man who proposes to make the attempt.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'The Adventures of a Phaeton,' 'The Princess of Thule,' &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A GLANCE BACK.

MEANWHILE, what of the widower whom we had left behind in England? It was fairly to be expected that Balfour, once he had seen his wife handed over to that wise and tender counsellor who was to cure her of all her sentimental sufferings, would go straightway back to England and rejoice in the new freedom that allowed him to give up the whole of his time and attention to public affairs. At all events that was what Lady Sylvia expected. Now he would have no domestic cares to trouble him. As far as his exertions were necessary to the safety of the State, England was secure. For Lady Sylvia always spoke of her husband as having far more serious duties to perform than any Home Secretary or Lord Chancellor of them all.

Balfour, having taken a last look—from the deck of his friend's yacht—at the great dark ship going out into the western horizon—got back to Queenstown again, and to London. No doubt he was free enough; and there was plenty at this time to engage the attention of Members of Parliament. But he did not at all seem to rejoice in his freedom; and Englebury had about as little reason as Ballinascroon to applaud the zeal of its representative. He went down to the House, it is true; and he generally dined there; but his chief cronies discovered in him an absolute listlessness, whenever, in the intervals between their small jokes, they mentioned some Bill or other; while, on the other hand, he was greatly interested in finding out which of these gentlemen had made long sea-voyages, and was as anxious to get information about steamers, storms, fogs, and the American climate as if he were about to arrange for the transference of the whole population of England to the plains of Colorado. The topics of the hour seemed to have no concern whatever for this silent and brooding man, who refused all invitations, and dined either at the House or by himself at a small table at the Reform. The Public Worship Regulation Bill awoke in him neither enthusiasm nor aversion. The Duty on Third-Class Passengers?—they might have made it a guinea a head if they liked. In other days he had been an eager demonstrator of the necessity of our having a Public Prosecutor; now he had scarcely a word to say. There were only two subjects in which at this moment he seemed keenly interested; the one was the Report which Mr. Plimsoll's Commission had just published, and the other was, singularly enough, the Act just passed in America about the paper currency. What earthly reason could he have for bothering about the financial arrangements of America? He did not own a red cent of the American Debt.

One forenoon he was walking through St. James's Park when he was overtaken by a certain noble lord—an ingenuous youth whom he had known at Oxford.

"Balfour," said this young man, walking on with him, "you are a Scotchman—you can tell me what I have to expect. Fact is, I have done rather a bold thing—I have taken a shooting of 13,000 acres, for this autumn only, in the island of Mull; and I have never been there. But I sent my own man up; and he believes the reports they gave were all right."

"What you are to expect?" said Balfour, good-humouredly. "Plenty of shooting, probably; and plenty of rain, certainly.'

"So they say," continued the young man. "And my *avant-courier* says there may be some difficulty about provisions—he hints something about hiring a small steam-yacht that we might send across to Oban at a pinch——"

"Yes, that would be advisable, if you are not near Tobermory."

"Eighteen miles off."

Then the young man was fired with a sudden generosity.

"Your wife has gone to America, hasn't she?"

"Yes," was the simple answer.

"Are you booked for the 12th?"

"No."

"Come down with me. I shan't leave till the 10th, if that will suit you. The House is sure to be up—in fact, you fellows have nothing to do—you are only gammoning your constituencies."

"It's lucky for some people that they can sit in Parliament without having any constituency to gammon," said Balfour.

"You mean we mightn't find it quite so easy to get in," said the young man, with a modest laugh; for indeed his service in Parliament was of the slightest sort—was limited, in fact, to procuring admission for one or two lady-friends on the night of a great debate. "But what do you say to Mull? If we don't get much of a dinner, we are to have a piper to play to us while we eat. And of course there will be good whisky. What do you say?"

"I say that it is very good of you; and I should like it extremely; but I think I shall stay in town this autumn."

"In town!"

"Yes."

"All the autumn?" exclaimed the young man with an air as though he half expected this maniac to turn and bite him on the arm.

"Yes," said Balfour; and then he stammered a sort of apology. "The fact is that a married man feels himself taken at an unfair advantage if he goes anywhere without his wife. I hate nothing so much as dining as a single man with a lot of married people. They pity you and patronise you——"

"But, my dear fellow, there won't be any married people up at this place—I can't pronounce the name. There will be only two men besides ourselves—a regular bachelor party. You surely can't mean to stop in town the whole of the autumn—and be chased about your club by the cleaning people. You will cut your throat before the end of August."

"And what then? The newspapers are hard pushed at that time. If I committed suicide in the hall of the Reform Club, I should deserve the gratitude of the whole country. But seriously I am sorry I can't go down with you to Scotland—much obliged all the same."

"When does Lady Sylvia return?" asked his companion, carelessly.

"About the end of October, I should think," Balfour said; and then he added, "Very likely we shall go to Italy for the winter."

He spoke quite calmly. He seemed to take it as a mere matter of ordinary arrangement that Lady Sylvia and himself should decide where they should spend the winter. For of course this ingenuous youth walking with him was not to know that Lady Sylvia had separated herself from her husband of her own free will and choice.

"Good-by, Balfour," said the young Lord L——, as he turned off and went down towards Queen Anne's Gate. "I would have sent you some game if Lady Sylvia had been at home: it would be of no use to a club man."

Balfour walked on, and in a second or two found himself

* *Copyrighted*, 1877.

before the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament, rising in all its gilded pride into the blue summer sky. Once upon a time—and that not so long ago—all the interests of his life were centred in the great building beneath that tower; when he first entered it—even in the humble capacity of member for Ballinascroon—a new world of activity and ambition seemed opening up before him. But at this very moment, strangely enough, the mere sight of the Houses of Parliament appeared to awaken in him a curious sort of aversion. He had been going down to a morning sitting, rather because he had nothing else to do than that he was interested in the business going forward. But this first glimpse of the Parliament buildings caused him suddenly to change his mind; he turned off into Parliament Street, and called in at the offices of Mr. Billy Bolitho.

Mr. Bolitho was as cheerful and bland as usual. Moreover, he regarded this young man with sympathy, for he noticed his reserved and almost troubled air, and he at once divined the cause. Did not everybody know that some of these large firms were being hardly hit just then? The fine old trade in Manchester goods had broken down before markets glutted with grey shirtings and jeans. The homeward consignments of teas and silks were no longer eagerly competed for by the brokers. The speculations in cotton to which some of the larger houses had resorted were wilder than the wildest gambling on the Stock Exchange. It was a great thing, Mr. Bolitho knew, to have belonged to such a firm as Balfour, Skinner, Green, and Co., in the palmy days of commerce, but these fine times could not last for ever.

"Come, Balfour," said Mr. Bolitho, brightly, "have a glass of sherry and a cigar. You don't look quite up to the mark this morning."

"Thank you, I will. I believe idleness is ruining my health and spirits—there is nothing doing at the House."

"Why don't you start a coach, and spend your forenoons that way?" said Bolitho, gaily.

"I'll tell you what I will do with you, if you like," said Balfour, "I will drive you down to The Lilacs. Come. It is a fine day, and they will give you some sort of dinner in the evening. You can be here by ten to-morrow morning."

Mr. Bolitho was seated on a table, his legs dangling in the air, and he was carefully cutting the end off a cigar.

"Done with you," said he, getting on his feet again, "if you first lunch with me at the Devonshire."

This, too, was agreed upon, and Balfour, as the two walked up to St. James's Street, did his very best to entertain this kind friend who had taken compassion on his loneliness. And as they set out in the shining afternoon, to drive away down into the quiet of Surrey, Balfour strove to let his companion know that he was greatly obliged to him, and talked far more than was his wont, although his talk was mostly about such roads as Lady Sylvia knew, and about such houses as Lady Sylvia had admired.

"Have you heard the last about Englebury?" he asked.

"No."

"Old Chorley has been struck with remorse of conscience, and has handed over that piece of filched common to the town to make a public green."

"That public green was nearly keeping you out of this Parliament," observed Mr. Bolitho, with a demure smile.

"And there is to be a public gymnasium put up on the ground; and I have promised to go down and throw the thing open. What do you say, Bolitho; will you take a run down there, and drink a glass of wine with old Chorley, and show the boys how to twist round a trapèze?"

"I am very glad you have made friends with Chorley," said Mr. Bolitho. "He might have done you a deal of mischief. But I do think you are becoming a little more prudent; no doubt you have found that all constituencies are not Ballinascroons."

"I may have become more prudent," said Balfour, with the indifference of a man who is mentally sick and out of sorts, "but it is not from any desire to remain in Parliament. I am tired of it—I am disgusted with it—I should like to quit it altogether."

Bolitho was not surprised. He had known a good many of these spoilt children of fortune. And he knew that, when by chance they were robbed of some of their golden toys—say, that an income of 30,000*l.* a-year was suddenly cut down to 5,000*l.*—they became impatient and vexed, and spoke as if life were no longer worth having.

"Try being out of Parliament for a year or two, and see if you don't change your mind," said Mr. Bolitho, shrewdly. "There is something in the old proverb that says you never know the value of anything until you have lost it."

"That is true enough," said Balfour, with decision; but he was not thinking of Ballinascroon, nor yet of Englebury, nor of any seat in any Parliament.

It was the cool of the evening when they got down to The Lilacs, and very quiet, and still, and beautiful looked the cottage amidst its rose-bushes and honeysuckle. No doubt there was a deserted air about the rooms; the furniture was covered with chintz; everything that could be locked and shut up was locked and shut up. But all the same Mr. Bolitho was glad to be taken round the place, and to be told how Lady Sylvia had done this and had done that, and how that the whole designing and decoration of the place was her own. Mr. Bolitho did not quite enter into this worship at the shrine of a departed saint, because he knew very well that if Lady Sylvia had been at The Lilacs that evening, he would not have been there; but of course he professed a profound admiration for the manner in which the limited space had been made the most of, and declared that, for his part, he never went into the country and saw the delights of a country house without wishing that Providence had seen fit to make him a farmer or squire.

And Mr. Bolitho got a fairly good dinner, too, considering that there were in the place only the housekeeper and a single servant, besides the gardener. They would not remain in-doors after dinner on such a beautiful evening. They went out to smoke a cigar in the garden, and the skies were clear over them, and the cool winds of the night were sweetened with the scent of flowers.

"They have no such refreshing coolness as this after the hot days in America," said Balfour, "at least so they tell me. It must be a dreadful business, after the glare of the day, to find no relief—to find the night as hot as the day. But I suppose they have got over the hottest of the weather there."

"Where is Lady Sylvia now?" asked Mr. Bolitho, seeing that the thoughts of the young man—troubled as they must be by these commercial cares—were nevertheless often turned to the distant lands in which his wife was wandering.

"Up towards Canada, I should think," he said. "Soon she will be out in the West—and there it is cool even in the heat of summer."

"I don't wonder you remained in England," said Mr. Bolitho, frankly.

"Why?" said Balfour, who could not understand Mr. Bolitho's having an opinion about the matter in any direction.

"Things have not been going well in the City," said Mr. Bolitho, cautiously.

"I suppose not," said Balfour, carelessly. "But that does not concern me much. I never interfere in the business arrangements of our firm; the men whom my father trusted I can afford to trust. But I suppose you are right. There has

been over-speculation. Fortunately, my partners are sufficiently cautious men; they have already made money; they don't need to gamble."

Bolitho was troubled in his mind. Was the young man acting a part; or was he really ignorant of the rumour that his partners, finding the profits on their business gradually diminishing, and having sustained severe losses in one or two directions, had put a considerable portion of their capital into one or two investments which were at that very time being proved to be gigantic frauds? After all, Bolitho was a generously-disposed man.

"Balfour," said he, "you won't mind my speaking frankly to you?"

"Certainly not."

"Well, I don't know how far you examine into the details of the business transactions of your firm; but, you know, commercial things have been in a bad way of late; and you ought—I mean any man situated as you are—ought to be a little particular."

"Oh, I am quite satisfied," Balfour said. "I don't know much about business; but I can understand the Profit and Loss and Capital Accounts in the ledger; and these I periodically examine. Why, the firm gave 1,000*l.* to the last Mansion House Fund!"

Bolitho had heard before of firms hopelessly bankrupt making such dramatic displays of wealth, in order to stave off the evil day; but of course he did not mention such a thing in connexion with such a house as Balfour, Skinner, Green, and Co. He only said that he was glad to find that Balfour did examine the books.

LITERATURE.

MISS SIMCOX ON NATURAL LAW.

Natural Law. An Essay in Ethics. By Edith Simcox. London: Trübner and Co.

It is not easy to define the precise aim of this work. It is called 'An Essay in Ethics,' and it does, no doubt, attempt to deal with some of the well-known questions of the science. Yet problems of jurisprudence are entered into as fully as those of ethics proper, historical and economic questions receive considerable attention, while a very ambitious attempt is made to supply a philosophy of religion. The impression which is made on the reader's mind by the first glance at the contents is only deepened by a careful perusal of the volume. The argument is essentially rambling, and deals with far too many subjects to throw very much light on any one. The writer seems to be oppressed with the results of too much reading, and of detached and unsystematised critical reflection. She has evidently thought much on most of the leading topics in current scientific and philosophic literature. She displays considerable acuteness in criticising certain aspects of the dominant ideas of the hour. Her erudition betrays itself, with but little of conscious ostentation, in all parts of her work. Many passages of her argument exhibit a subtle penetration into some of the overlooked regions of human nature and life. The writer's highest skill is seen in bringing together aspects of ideas which limit one another, and even seem to conflict, in elucidating the paradoxical side of accepted propositions, and in embodying acute perceptions in elaborate epigrammatic periods. Yet with these undoubted merits, Miss Simcox fails to give her readers the assurance of being guided by one who has made the themes she discusses entirely her own. For one thing it must be said that the writer's style is by no means favourable to a clear understanding of her argument. She delights in the least obvious aspects of things, and appears to be always consciously aiming at an avoidance of the commonplace. Her sentences are for the most part long and involved, and in many cases fail to give up their secret after several perusals. Thus it is exceedingly difficult to follow her line of thought. Allowing for this, however, one may safely say that her treatment of the several questions she touches is essentially inadequate. It is often very skilful, and always fresh and striking, so far as it goes, but it remains the play of a cultivated and critical mind outside a subject rather than a penetration into its inner recesses.

If we try to characterise Miss Simcox's general aim, we can only do so by help of the somewhat vague conceptions which she herself employs. The expression "natural law" appears to mean that the phenomena of man's emotional and moral nature, his actions, desires, and aspirations, resemble all other events, in being determined by natural conditions. This is of course no new conception, all modern science of man having it as its fundamental assumption. What Miss Simcox attempts to do is to emphasise the close dependence of human actions on the large aggregate of physical events which is commonly indicated by this term "nature." She appears to find a complete emotional satisfaction in this view of man as closely linked with the rest of nature in harmonious relations. It is this idea, she thinks, which is to supply the crowning emotional and active stimulus to our minds. Modern science, more especially the doctrine of evolution, has done much to impress the human mind with its intimate unity with nature, and we may see in contemporary literature the growth of a new sentiment of loyal obedience to nature, which is no less earnest though much more joyous than that of the Stoics. Miss Simcox has evidently sat at the feet of the evolutionists, more particularly Mr. Herbert Spencer, and her volume must be reckoned among the most enthusiastic expressions of the new faith.

The writer first discusses the meaning of the term "law" in relation to natural events and to human actions. Readers trained in the logic of J. S. Mill have been accustomed to sever these two kinds of law as widely as possible. Miss Simcox tries to identify them. Her definition of each is "a statement of constant relations posited by the nature of things." Thus we may speak of the law of gravitation as imposed or "put" by the nature of the gravitating bodies. This seems to us to have a suspicious resemblance to "the metaphysical method." Again, human laws are no more than this, for etymology and history show that the artificial idea of law as "a command binding to actions of a class," which is represented by the school of Hobbes and Austin, is inaccurate. The first stage of human law is customary law, which is simply a record of the habitual performance of certain actions by men because of their like relations and needs. When customs are formulated in laws, the process may be described as "the passing into consciousness of a fixed natural relation." Men now become conscious of the generality of a usage as a motive for complying with it. The imposition of a command by a superior is thus altogether accidental, and only takes place when customs diverge and society has to express itself through a special official organ. This theory seems to us as one-sided as the one it is intended to replace. Miss Simcox writes as though in certain stages of social development there is no such thing as a superior and coercive power. Yet the most recent historical research, by finding the primitive type of society in the family with its definite head, appears to teach the exact opposite. It is no doubt true that all habit begets a strong disinclination to depart from the habitual action, and that social usage easily grows into law. But the real question is whether we should ever have the peculiar sentiment we do entertain towards a law, positive or moral, but for the fact of coercion and punishment. To say, as the writer does, that all such coercion acts through proper psychological conditions does not dispose of the question. Even if I am illustrating much the same mental process, when I avoid some physical evil, and when I obey a human law, the character of the feeling which acts as a motive in the

latter case is very different from the other. That a fear of punishment has much more to do with our first obedience to law than the force of custom is seen in our prompt deference to the customs and laws of a new society or coterie into which we happen to be introduced. This force, residing in those who impose and enforce laws, whether political chiefs or the general social body, sufficiently differentiates laws proper from "informities of nature." Yet, while Miss Simcox's conception appears to us inadequate, it is valuable as emphasising a truth which, by being taken too much for granted, is in danger of being overlooked.

Having done with positive law, our author turns to morality. Here, too, the sense of constraint may be defined as the "consciousness of causation"—that is, the recognition of the fixed order of which the practical rule is the outcome. There are three kinds of good, namely, natural good, or perfection; sensible good, or pleasure; and moral good. This last is defined as "the consciousness of a necessary tendency . . . towards the natural good of the individual as conditioned by the common life of the species, in all those cases when submission to the tendency is neither pleasurable nor automatic." Miss Simcox criticises the various theories of obligation, but, in dealing with Utilitarianism, rather unfairly identifies this with Egoistic Hedonism. Her whole treatment of the question of the highest good, and of the sources of the sentiment of moral obligation, strikes us as vague, unscientific, and decidedly behind the present point of ethical science. The writer hardly seems to be aware of the present state of ethical questions, and nothing is more surprising in her volume than her apparent ignorance of what has lately been done by Mr. Sidgwick in giving greater precision to the problems of the science. We hardly think it possible that anyone who had carefully and intelligently gone through Mr. Sidgwick's work would have been content to put forth such a vague and utterly unworkable theory of the *summum bonum*, or to repeat so many of the old blunders respecting the logical consequences of Utilitarianism. Miss Simcox seems to us to be hopelessly obscure concerning the reality of happiness (the nature of which she hardly attempts to elucidate), and the extent of the coincidence between the aims of virtue and happiness. Nor is she much more definite and consistent when writing of the relation of the competing ends of her own scheme, namely, individual and social perfection. The fact seems to be that Miss Simcox, though evidently impressed by the writings of the pessimists, and having too much sense to lapse into an utterly unreflecting and indolent optimism, is powerfully impelled by natural disposition to take a hopeful view of the world.

The part of the work which is pretty certain to interest most people is that which discusses religion. Miss Simcox is among those who hold that positive science supplies the conceptions requisite for a religious emotion. She adopts Mr. Matthew Arnold's idea of a stream of tendency which sets in the direction of good, and she considers that the conscious recognition of this tendency yields not only the crowning motive to morality but also the emotional satisfaction of the devout and religious mind. "The supreme religious influence of the general tendencies of the Not-self is *felt*, as a clear and present reality not constraining or controlling the will, but absolutely transforming it, moulding it into acquiescence and conformity with all that exists." This influence is the sum total of many impressions of the Not-self, and it is only when a sufficient number of these has exerted its power on the imagination that the religious feeling is awakened. Thus Miss Simcox finds a place in her religious scheme for the phenomenon of sudden conversions. "The change of heart by which the saints felt themselves released at once from the bondage of natural iniquity and of the law of natural immorality may be described as the discovery by a soul that had been out of harmony with its surroundings that harmony, though not happiness, is possible—at a price; that though the self cannot remodel the universe in conformity to its own best impulses, all its own best impulses can find scope and satisfaction in conformity with true tendencies in the Not-self." One fears Miss Simcox's amiable attempt to extract moral motives and religious enthusiasm out of a strictly positive conception of the world will hardly satisfy minds of a less imaginative and hopeful cast. To try to deduce the "ought to be" from the "is" has so far proved a futile endeavour. Common sense does not see why it should be good just because the tendencies of things are making it so. In truth, this last consideration seems rather to lend itself to a contrary practical application. Nor is it self-evident to the mind uninitiated in the subtleties of the new religious teachers why we should love or worship natural laws which happen to result in a preponderance of good without any intervention of conscious thought and intention. More especially does this line of reflection appear to be powerless in supplying a cheerful view of things to those who happen not to have been embraced in the benign current of influence which is said to be predominant. Miss Simcox is too sensible to overlook altogether the facts which tell against this pretty conception of nature and her laws; yet her mode of dealing with the bitter protestations of the unfortunate minority strikes us as quite inadequate. Like many of her other arguments, it would be admirable were it only relevant. To ask "Is the good of life less good because it is unequally distributed?" or, again, "Shall I blaspheme reason because I am no Spinosa, art because I cannot draw?" is completely to miss the point of most pessimistic complaint. It is just because good is seen and felt to be real that its arbitrary distribution strikes the sensitive heart as so hard. Miss Simcox has, in truth, been no more successful than her numerous predecessors in finding a key to the mystery of evil, or an answer to the question which will always be asked by the band of unfortunates, "Why did the great beneficent powers of nature sweep by us in such proud disdain?"

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF SPIRITUALISM.

Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism. By D. D. Home. London: Virtue and Co.

"Light, more light," is the motto Mr. Home has chosen; and all readers of the 'Lights and Shadows of Spiritualism' must be struck by its singular appropriateness. It is not only in the matter of space that the "Shadows" have decidedly too much their own way; three hundred and seventy-three pages of uttermost gloom, to only a meagre twenty-nine of pure radiance! But it is the quality even more than the quantity of the light which is unsatisfactory. Mr. Home leads us through the successive nights of pagan, mediæval, and modern spiritualism. In the past he has little to show us but devilry and witchcraft, "*Demons, doing the behest of demons; evil creatures of both sexes, and all ages and conditions, who, instigated by spirits still fouler, worked ceaselessly to fill the earth with bloodshed and uncleanness*;" in the present, we have chapter following chapter, devoted to "Mania," "Absurdities," "Trickery and its Exposures," &c., we are shown the folly of "Re-incarnationalists" and "Occultists," are encouraged to laugh at spirit-photography, spirit-brought flowers, and ghostly hands and feet floating about darkened rooms. All this while, however, we are sustained by the promise, insinuated rather than expressed, of something very different coming by-and-by. It is a little hard, then, when we reach the true morning-land at last, the little garden-plot amidst a desert world (Mr. Home's strictly private and exclusive property, so far as we are made aware), where the "higher aspects of spiritualism" are at length to be made known to us, to find the dawn so closely resembling the darkness. We have laughed so heartily with Mr. Home over the old Lady who always consulted the spirit of her deceased husband as to what she should have for dinner, that it is quite a shock to us to have another old Lady coming all the way back from the "thither shore" to scold her relatives because they have allowed a baby's coffin to be put on the top of her own; such irreverent jesting has

been allowed us at the expense of convivial Spirits with a taste for tambourines and banjoes, that to find within the very holy of holies a precocious Child-Spirit of five, who plays a military air upon an accordion to convince its bereaved mother of its presence, is grievously disappointing; nor can we feel that any satisfaction for the hopes we have been allowed to indulge is given by the specimen of spiritual poetry supposed to have been dictated by the ghost of Chatterton to a young man who Mr. Home gives us his personal assurance is quite incapable of composing even such feeble verses without supernatural assistance of some sort.

It would, of course, be doing Mr. Home an injustice to imagine that he can, by any sort of possibility, be a wolf in sheep's clothing—a "bigoted sceptic and materialist," like poor Dr. Carpenter and G. H. Lewes—of whose immediate ancestors, by the way, Mr. Home has somehow discovered a curious historical fact, all the more remarkable because of the singular coincidence that two eminent men of science should have had such dull progenitors; their fathers "ridiculed the notion of an electric telegraph, and their grandfathers laughed at Watt and Stephenson!" Really Mr. Galton should, in common fairness, take some notice of this very strong argument against the doctrine of heredity. But if it is out of the question to doubt the fact of Mr. Home being one of the true spiritual flock (has he not been subject to "levitations" since his youth, and was he not the very first to induce spirits to "materialise?"), it must be owned that he masquerades as a wolf most excellently well; that he bleats out terrible secrets, and does a good deal of snarling and snapping at the lambs. No wonder that an "American spiritualist" writes him threatening letters, and tells him that he is "entering the field of the deadly rattlesnake;" and that "he may expect to fall like Lucifer, if not with a bullet in his head, then with shame and sorrow in his heart." With a grand and dignified magnanimity, Mr. Home asks us, after reading this epistle, to "blush once more for human nature, and pass on." This is, of course, very right and proper in Mr. Home; rudeness, under any provocation, does not do "human nature" credit; and as Lucifer had not a bullet in his head when he fell, that part of the allusion is in gratuitously bad taste. But still one can scarcely fail to recognise that an "American spiritualist" had good grounds for exasperation. Why, even as "bigoted sceptics," whose father and grandfather no doubt shared in the benighted prejudices which distinguished the relations of Dr. Carpenter, we cannot ourselves refrain from a certain movement of indignation at the sweeping scorn with which Mr. Home treats, for instance, those innocent and modest little "Imps" of Sergeant Cox and the Theosophical Society. For these same Imps, we must confess something of a partiality; if we do not exactly ourselves believe in them, we rather envy the condition of those who can. For ourselves, alas! the day of faith is over. The storm-wind has blown across the pleasant-haunted meadows, where were once fairy rings and magic dances, and where the little people held high revelry by night. "Pan, the great god Pan, is dead." We have heard the fatal message, and even on Midsummer Eve know too well that *we* should find the woods all desolate of elves, and gnomes, and fairy-folk. We are afraid that even if the Theosophical Society succeeded in bottling a little imp, our dull and disenchanted eyes would fail to distinguish him. But let the "Society" by all means do its best; if Spiritualism can bring back the little people to the earth, if only to rejoice the hearts of the children, much may be forgiven it. At any rate, this theory is the only innocent, cheerful, and healthy notion started by Spiritualism; why should Mr. Home fly into a passion about it? Nor can we discover why he should be so contemptuous of Alan Kardec's theory of re-incarnations. Surely a spirit who is not too proud to animate a sofa, and take a flight round the room in the embodiment of a table, ought not to mind realising the yearning expressed by the popular ditty, and becoming, for the time being, a bird? As for the idea of a Spirit losing its identity, and by becoming reincarnate in a new human embodiment running the risk of committing the uncanonical offence of marrying its own Grandmother, well, the consideration is of course a grave one, but as the fashion of revising old rubrics now prevails, and the Archbishop of Canterbury has discovered that he still possesses dispensing powers, perhaps something might be done to quiet over-scrupulous consciences in such a contingency. At any rate, we have some grounds of gratitude to Kardecism; it supplies us with the one good ghost story in all Mr. Home's dull volume. It is really curious how very flat and unexciting all the author's personal experiences in this direction are. Humble as are our own pretensions to supernatural experiences, we could really, without romancing, describe a much more blood-thrilling ghostly narrative than Mr. Home's interview with the young city Clerk who had robbed his employers, or that old Lady in grey silk who was so jealous that her coffin should have the uppermost place. Once when we were recovering from a fever (Mr. Home was just getting over a feverish attack when his old Lady appeared to him) we too were favoured by a visit from an elderly Gentlewoman. She was not, like Mr. Home's friend, attired in modest grey silk, but in gorgeous oriental garment. We were at that time in a foreign land; she came to one side of our sick bed and whispered a secret piece of information into one sick ear, then she crossed the room and repeated the same story in the other sick ear. What she said was—"They have pulled down the Horse in Leicester Square!" and Reader, *it was true.*

Mr. Home will possibly say—if, indeed, he deign to glance over our humble impressions of his weighty treatise upon spiritualism, and do not instead "blush once more for human nature and passion"—that we have treated this serious question of spiritualism with intentional levity. To speak frankly, we admit the charge. Spiritualism unquestionably has a very grave side indeed—a very serious and repulsive one, and which one can scarcely trust oneself to treat dispassionately in a brief article like the present. We cannot quite follow Mr. Home when, after his omniscient summary of the world's religions, he declares that their priests have been in every case mediums, and that they owed their power over the consciences and imaginations of their fellow-men to the assumption that they possessed, or to the actual possession of, special power of communicating with the dead. We may admit, however, that, whilst true religion and true religious teachers have made life and the conduct of life their central motive and inspiration, false prophets and pernicious creeds have used death—the sacred and beautiful grief of death, even more than its unworthy and selfish terrors—as their fatal and morbid instrument of power.

It is here where the Spiritualists deserve, and in truth should receive serious treatment. Mr. Home says truly that the utterances of John Smith may be utterly valueless to the world at large, but to his solitary mother, his widow, his friendless child, they are of inestimable worth. Exactly so; and what are we to say of the impostors who use these two most sacred sentiments of death and sorrow to control and blind the intellects of others? Mr. Home might be "levitated" as often as it seemed good in his own eyes; he might "materialise" ghostly forms in dark rooms or light ones; he might even write down bad verses at the dictation of the spirits of Milton and Shakespeare. These are hard times; and there are men who cannot dig, and who are more ashamed to beg, than to practise as Spirit Mediums. We certainly would not commend the Spirit Medium; but his little deeds of darkness in the way of "levitations" and "materialisations" might, in a country which tolerates organ-grinders and street bands on the theory that men must live, be held as innocent nuisances. Let him, however, and other prophets of his tribe, respect the shrine of private sorrow. The story with which the present volume concludes, and to which we have before alluded, where a child-spirit proves its identity to its bereaved mother by playing a military

air on an accordion, and drawing a star on a pair of satin boots, has two aspects. The ludicrous one is merely the first that presents itself. The second reflection, and the one which arouses our indignation, is this paltering with the solemnity of death and the sacredness of grief. When we think of this little pair of baby shoes, of the poor mother, in her quiet hours, taking them out to weep over them, and recall her lost darling to her faithful and fond remembrance, how shall we repress our indignation against the man who could dare to tamper with this holy sorrow; who, in place of the spiritual communion of unfailing memory, could substitute his idle fooleries and cheat the mourner with petty delusions, unworthy of her sorrow and her love?

A WOMAN-HATER.

A Woman-Hater. By Charles Reade, D.C.L: Edinburgh and London. Blackwood and Sons. 1877.

He is not usually the most pleasing of mortals, specially as the woman-hater is prone to become, in time, a man-hater also, and to end by being that most disagreeable of creatures—a misanthropical valetudinarian. But fortunately for the many readers who have read, and will read, Mr. Charles Reade's last novel, this woman-hater is a very mild example of the genus, and indeed can be scarcely judged as anything else but a humbug in the matter of woman-hating, though a very good fellow in every other respect. At the beginning of our story he is lolling on the balcony of an hotel near Homburg, having evidently been persuaded into a foreign tour (which he detests) by two members of the very class he is bound to hate, and who lead him throughout the book a mad and womanly dance enough. In fact, the young lady who poses within doors to an admiring gallant, is Zoe Vizard, the woman-hater's only and much-petted sister, a damsel whose black eyes, Greek profile, and ivory chin, Mr. Harrington Vizard must needs dispose of in the marriage market; and that other maiden, whose complexion blue so often suits, is the poor and worldly-wise friend of this rich pair; while the woman-hater is further guarded by a spinster aunt, so that he is well in the midst of the abhorred race. And this is not all, for of course Mr. Vizard must have a lady-love as well as an aunt and a sister, and a sister's friend—since, strange to say, this sister's friend is *not* the object of his affections. So around the handsome suitor sighing at Miss Vizard's feet there hangs a tale, and in the midst of this tale is the very lady-love we seek.

For while the woman-hater lolls smoking on the balcony, while those female black eyes are flashing scorn and beaming love from an easy chair, while Miss Fanny Dover envies her rich friend's gallant, and tries to flirt with her male host, while the spinster aunt growls and grumbles, a lady with fair, coiled tresses and expressive features—a lady strangely like, we fancy, to a renowned actress of our own day—a lady with a rich contralto voice sits in the background conning the visitor's book in a small hotel of the town of Homburg, and cons it, we are told, that she may find the whereabouts of the false, fickle, but still beloved husband who has deserted her. Need we so far underrate the perspicacity of the practised novel-reader as to state that this worthless husband turns out to be, in course of time, Miss Zoe Vizard's fair-haired and sighing lover? Or, again, dare we so far impugn the deftness of Mr. Charles Reade in the art of plot-weaving as not to divine from the beginning that wonders will not cease here, and that the further complication will arise of a hopeless love-affair between this very chaste and noble married singer and the great woman-hater himself? How could such a consummation be avoided when Ina Klosking, of the contralto voice and lily-white hand, is quite the feature of the book, and when Harrington Vizard, being a woman-hater, could not fail to fall an easy prey to whatever was most charming in woman.

So Ina, the wife, in compliance with the very funnily-worded petitions of a theatrical agent in distress, sings on a Homburg stage, and Severne, the husband, unwittingly takes seats to this very stage's front for his own lady-love, brother, and company. So the complication begins, for here the woman-hater learns to love one more woman, and here, too, the husband learns once more to dread his wife. But the plot has not begun to be laid in Homburg for nothing, and around the gaming-tables it thickens. Ina Klosking, knowing the wicked husband to be a gambler, and still apparently pining for his fair and false face, seeks *rouge-et-noir* in company with the quaint and faithful Ashmead, her admiring theatrical agent. By a clever piece of plot-making, she plays in part with her own husband's money given hurriedly to Ashmead by the guilty man himself as he sees his fair pursuer enter, and given in trust that it may be gambled with for him. By another ingenious arrangement, Zoe Vizard and the woman-hater have been witnesses of this transaction; and as the beautiful gambler naturally breaks the bank with her winnings, the plot becomes further involved by Severne's frantic efforts to obtain his lawful share of the gains even while preserving an *incognito* with his wife. This lady, though beautiful, is, however, shrewd—too shrewd even for the villain. Though from the luxurious safety of Vizard Court, where he has been invited on the family's return, and is outwitting the titled and honest suitor in Miss Zoe's affections, he sends an emissary of secret inquiry to Homburg, the lady of the contralto voice has the best of it. By a *ruse* of poor, honest, and vulgar Ashmead's invention, she leaves the present abode of the faithless one, seeks heavenly strength against the cruel knowledge of his love for the fair damsel of the gambling saloon, and then travels to England to be struck down in the hall of Vizard Court by the husband whose nearly completed arrangements with Miss Vizard are thus provokingly interrupted. Here, then, is the woman-hater's chance, and here is a chance also for somebody else whom we have omitted to mention, namely, a young woman, by name Rhoda Gale, and by profession a female doctor. Neither of these two persons allow the grass to grow under their feet. The doctress, by means of most scientifically described appliances, plies her trade merrily, unaccountably assisted by that most accessory of characters, Fanny Dover, the flirt. Between them they stanch the blood and bind up the temples becomingly, and after that it is the woman-hater's turn with chance. And a really good stroke of business does he achieve in spite of his profession. What with solemn church music such as is strange to this foreign singer, what with gentle manly sympathy, what with cynicism kept in abeyance, and a judicious use of sables belonging to a defunct mother, Harrington Vizard seems quickly to succeed in eradicating any soft sentiment for a wretched husband. But let no one suppose that the noble Ina Klosking could be guilty even of the slightest of unworthy feelings. On the contrary the whole force of her lofty spirit seems to be concentrated on the sufferings of Zoe Vizard, whom she fain would save from the gay deceiver while sparing her the knowledge of his whole guilt. Indeed, at the moment of departure from Vizard Court, where she has been nursed, her astonishment at Harrington's declaration is masterly acted, though she still unaccountably withholds from him the fact of her marriage, apparently reserving the disclosure for a more effective scene. And, indeed, the better occasion is fast approaching, for the dark-eyed heiress, strangely blind to probabilities, though still in ignorance of the positive fact about Severne's marriage, has fled in jealous sorrow to the house of an aunt, where, after cruelly encouraging the titled and honest suitor, she falls once more a prey to the attractions of Severne, "all in black," by the garden gate at night-fall. Not even the exciting effect of being saved from a bull by the good lover can outweigh the charms of the wicked one; but upon the middle of the dusty high-road that leads to the registrar, where they are to be secretly married, Zoe, upon her lover's arm, meets the good wife of this wicked husband, who is there shamed before the faces of Harrington and Miss Vizard, and

proceeds to have a fit, whence he is saved by the doctress. Alas, that Miss Rhoda Gale should have been so clever, for our third volume might not have existed, whereas we must now follow the faithful Ashmead through many grievous duties in managing the villain, while we lavish sympathy on the despairing but constant woman-hater, on the pallid and sorrowing Zoe, on the patiently performing Klosking, till, after many vicissitudes, the husband is at length really killed by a fall through a theatre trap-door, while in pursuit of a ballet-dancer, for which feat he is rewarded by the tender and constant care of his hitherto obdurate wife, by the most learned attention of Miss Rhoda Gale, M.D. So Severne dies, pathetically polite and fascinating to the last, though hopelessly wicked. And who shall need to be told that, though shocked and sorrowing awhile, Ina Klosking marries the proprietor of Vizard Court, or that, after a period of some pallor, the fair Zoe takes pity upon that titled and honest lover.

A novel by Mr. Charles Reade requires but little criticism with the public, beyond the mere remark that it is by Mr. Charles Reade. And to a writer of such well-assured popularity an individual opinion can signify not at all, so that we feel quite able to give our criticism as follows:—That Miss Rhoda Gale's medical experiences, difficulties, and successes are far too lengthily dwelt upon for the limits of a novel; that Mr. Reade's treatment of female character is generally far from ideal, and often crude and even coarse; that Mr. Reade's undue emphasis of trifling realistic incident, though designed to give colour to his writing, is too often almost absurdly forcible; that Mr. Reade's originality, however striking at first, comes when sifted to be scarcely worthy the name at all.

And yet the story remains—what work always must be from the hands of so shrewd and clever a workman—a story of decided interest and even of excitement. So well-practised a student of everyday life could scarcely fail to be keenly astute about the subterfuge of female character, and the curious inconsistency even of the more logical male mind, and Mr. Reade can here make us laugh and almost cry by his sharp hits at both. Perhaps, in his strange vagueness of motive and sometimes unaccountable fondness for small, if startling, incident above sound and deeper truths, Mr. Reade has chosen to strike a comment and point a moral on modern life with its rapid and frivolous inconsistency, rather than to draw a picture of the better and higher ideal of comparative perfection and beauty.

OCTAVE FEUILLET'S NEW NOVEL.

Les Amours de Philippe. By Octave Feuillet. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 1877.

A new novel from M. Octave Feuillet may always be approached with the expectation that the book about to be read will prove to be in its own way admirable. And the expectation is rarely disappointed, except perhaps in the single case of the 'Histoire de Sibylle,' in which the moral purpose—it must always be remembered that M. Feuillet invariably has a moral purpose—is too tediously prominent. M. Feuillet has scarcely ever written anything that is not, on the whole, first-rate. That he is not a voluminous writer helps greatly to account for the artistic merit of his work. Compared with the works of some of the greatest and some of the least of the writers of modern France, M. Octave Feuillet's little list looks positively meagre. But on the other hand we have the consolation of knowing that each of the novels, whose total scarcely exceeds half-a-dozen, is in itself a real work of art, as good as its author could make it; that the plays, whose number would hardly be missed out of the dramatic works of his predecessor at the Academy, Scribe, are in their own line unrivalled. His new novel, therefore, which has just come to its conclusion in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, is not unnaturally an object of considerable interest and curiosity. It may be called a chronicle novel, at least it is so until half-way through, somewhat as 'Wilhelm Meister' is a chronicle novel, the chronicle of a young man's life. It is a style that has somewhat gone out of fashion, a style of novel that treated the career of its hero somewhat more from the historic point of view than the "put yourself in his place" standpoint of present fashion. But, unlike the great German story, it is very brief, touching more upon the prominent events, and leaving detail to rapid narrative or the imagination. The story may be thus briefly sketched.

In one of the most wooded cantons of green Normandy live two ancient families, Roche-Ermel and Boisvilliers, and at the time when the story opens it is regarded as a settled thing that young Philippe de Boisvilliers is to marry his cousin Jeanne de la Roche-Ernel. But Philippe has no love for his cousin, has rather an aversion formed and fostered by the long-talked-of alliance, and at last he formally refuses, and prefers to push his way at the Paris bar to vegetating an inactive life in the country, a destiny that to his active and hopeful youth is, by one of M. Feuillet's happy expressions, imaged in an old boat attached to its pole by a rusty chain. This causes great grief of the two fathers and of Jeanne, who has adored him from her childhood so sincerely as he has always held in dislike the girl he fancied forced upon him. Once settled in Paris, Philippe, whose tastes, in common with young romantic France, generally tend to poetry, falls madly in love with a reigning actress, Mary Gerald, and by way of introducing himself to her writes a Merovingian play, *Frédégonde*, which has the good fortune to please her, and she consents to act in it. During the preparation of the play for production, Philippe's passion prospers, and M. Feuillet has rendered this strange politic Paris idyll—theatrical, unreal, evanescent, but glorified or gilded by belief and enthusiasm—into an artistic paradise, with a consummate mastery of execution and delicate beauty of representation, which rivals, if it does not surpass, anything he has ever done. The Parisian adoration of the deities of the drama he represents with admirable brevity and truth, in no cynical or censorious spirit, but kindlily, compassionately perhaps, certainly sympathetically.

> The fascination of the actress is so well known a magic that it seems useless enough to explain it, above all to Parisians, of whom she constitutes the principal religion. But the Parisians themselves would be perhaps pleased to know that their adoration of the heroines of the stage is not without excuse, and that a strong dose of poetry is mingled with the unworthy worship. The actress, in point of fact, represents to them a species of woman that they rarely meet with in society, and never at home—a woman who appears exempted from all the infirmities of earth as well as its vulgarities, a woman, to whom nothing is ever wanting. . . . She seems, like a flower, to issue without defects, quite fresh, quite dressed, and quite adorned from the hands of Nature. You only see her for an instant, but during that instant she is perfect, and when she returns into obscurity she leaves with you the impression of something luxurious, and somewhat more than human. If you follow her behind the scenes, she is still steeped in, and full of, her part; she is still a queen, a powdered soubrette, a fairy, a goddess, enveloped in an Iris-like cloud, white and strange beneath her paint, with scarlet lips and large gleaming eyes, a being, in fact, emigrated from some starry world. One generally likes to imagine that the actress carries into her private life that sort of poetic ideality in which the prestige of the stage has clad her, and it is not altogether an illusion; for she is always more or less herself the dupe of the parts she interprets, she never divests herself completely of them, and among her own surroundings it is rarely that her sentiments, like her language, do not retain something exaggerated and theatrical.

All this attractive unreality, all this artistic attraction is incarnated in Mary Gerald, who is certainly one of the masterpieces of M. Feuillet's characters. But Philippe's love-eclogue comes abruptly to an end with the failure of his piece on the first night, and his immediate abandonment by Mary Gerald, who leaves him for St. Petersburg without a farewell. The blow nearly crushes Philippe, but the Franco-Prussian War breaks out, and he hurls himself into it, to find through bodily suffering—for he is wounded—oblivion or apathy from his moral despair of disillusion. Henceforth the beauty of the book is gone; and though M. Feuillet's powerful grasp of his subject and admirable delineation of character remains of course to the end, the subject ceases to be original, and the character and events are no longer fresh or unfamiliar. Philippe loves and is

loved by the wife of a friend, but wearies of her, and on returning to Normandy sees and falls in love with the formerly hated Jeanne, and, as might indeed have been expected from the beginning, the book ends, after many painful episodes, with the settled marriage of the two cousins. Apart from the disagreeable nature of the love of Philippe and Mme. de Talyas there is nothing in it that may not be found over and over again hundreds of times, better and worse done, better by Balzac, worse by Xavier de Montepin. The character of Mme. de Talyas, absorbed by her criminal passion and driven to despair by jealousy, is of course graphically treated by M. Feuillet, and the contrast between her and the noble nature and pure steadfast devotion of Jeanne is well drawn, but such contrasts have been drawn for us before by M. Feuillet, not to speak of anyone else, and the admirable situations of 'M. de Camors' will not bear repetition, accompanied with but slight alterations of motive or movement, without becoming somewhat monotonous. At least we cannot be expected to welcome them each new time with as much delighted surprise and wonder as if we had never met or conceived of them before. In fact, M. Feuillet's new novel has two distinct parts, one of which is as fine as anything he has ever done, and finer than a great deal, while the other is no better, and therefore somewhat worse, than much which has preceded it. It has been said, and truly, that our modern English novel is too much devoted to the trifling troubles of the young girl of eighteen, who is its central figure—trifling troubles that serve the purpose of retarding until the end of the third volume her marriage with the estimable young man who is the hero. But the vice of monotony is nowhere more marked than in the modern French novel, which differs from its English fellow only in the substitution of a married woman for the young girl of eighteen, and the breaking of the seventh commandment for the reading of the marriage ceremony. Given these subjects, the monotony of theme and the almost invariable monotony of each author's treatment is appalling. Monotony of subject and treatment may both be occasionally urged against M. Octave Feuillet, and both hold good in the present case as regards the latter half of 'Les Amours de Philippe,' where the story drops from a chronicle into a sort of analytical study, and which bears a strong resemblance to 'M. de Camors.' Like Louis de Camors, Philippe de Boisvilliers basely betrays a friend; like Louis de Camors, he marries a woman destined for him by others; like him, too, he learns her value, but not too late, as was the case with Camors with Marie de Tècle. Philippe is, in fact, a well meaning, or rather a passive Camors; he becomes lowered when his whole belief in the world is lowered, and with recovered faith comes new strength and promised happiness, in place of the sad end of that Camors, "que fut sans doute un grand coupable, mais qui pourtant fut un homme." 'Les Amours de Philippe' will not shake the Parisian world, and through it the whole of the world of letters, as 'M. de Camors' did, yet the work does no discredit to its author, while some of it counts to his credit merits he had not yet shown himself master of. There are few French authors who do not claim for their works, whatever their offences against taste or morals, the excusing shelter of a lofty moral purpose; M. Feuillet is one of the very few who have any right to make the claim. Writing, as he does, for a French audience, he never attacks the canons of their feelings, nor seems to select a disagreeable theme because it is disagreeable; and even in the treatment of subjects that seem alien to English ideas, no one can justly make against him the accusation that he ever attempts to justify crime, or paint it in attractive colours. Morality is with him invariably triumphant. Camors expiates his sins heavily; Sibylle gives up her love to her religion; the reckless Montjoye repents; the selfish cynical traveller of 'Le Village' is converted. It seems different with Philippe; he appears to escape the penalty of his sin, but it brought with it, perhaps, its own punishment, and there were certain circumstances that might be made to plead for him.

MINOR NOTICES.

Lectures on Architecture. Translated from the French of E. Viollet-le-Duc by Benjamin Bucknall. Part III. (Sampson Low and Co.)—A good work well done always deserves praise, and therefore Mr. Benjamin Bucknall is especially praiseworthy, for in proposing to translate Viollet-le-Duc's matchless 'Lectures on Architecture' he undertook an admirable work, and his success so far calls for the highest commendation. The fact that many or most of those who may make use of Mr. Bucknall's translation could read the work in its original language in no wise lessens the value of his labours, for a book like this is essentially cosmopolitan; it is the property, not of France alone, but of all nations who have any care for the study of art and the furtherance of its principles, and it is of immense advantage that a work so important for study and necessary for frequent reference should be presented to English architects and art-students in their own tongue. Even those who are well acquainted with the original language will find it a great advantage to possess so standard a work in English, while to those either unacquainted with French, or unable to read it with sufficient fluency, the translation is simply invaluable. Of the merits of Mr. Bucknall's translation we have already occasion to speak in high terms. With regard to the present part we can do no more than repeat our commendations of the previous parts. On the merits of the book itself there is no need to dwell. Its value architecturally, and the authority of its author, are recognised everywhere. But there are some special features of M. Viollet-le-Duc's work which cannot be too often pointed out and dwelt upon—his marvellous culture and erudition, and the easy charm of his style. The one renders his book a perfect store-house of the most varied information, the other makes it as readable as a romance. It is like a volume of delightful essays, which the veriest tyro in art may enjoy almost without being aware how much he is learning, but at the same time it is never for a moment lowered from its tone of masterly authority. It is delightful to find M. Viollet-le-Duc pointing some observation on architecture by a comparison with epic poetry, and pausing to pay a passing tribute to the splendid 'Chanson de Roland,' which he says "is to the romances of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries what Homer is to Virgil—a *bonâ fide* epic, not a mere intellectual product, but one in which, though the language is imperfect, the nobility of the sentiment and thought, and the knowledge of the human heart it displays, often render it comparable with the best passages of the 'Iliad.'" In another passage he gives admirable expression to the different phases of architecture thus:—"Greek architecture is an unclothed body, whose visible forms are imperatively dictated by the structure, and these forms are as beautiful as it has been ever given to man to devise, whereas Roman architecture is a clothed body; if the dress is properly fashioned, it neither embarrasses nor distorts the form of the body; but whether it is well or ill-suited to the body, it is always a dress which, as a dress, is rational and appropriate—rich for the rich, simple for the poor—and whose decoration disfigures neither the style nor the form. During the Middle Ages, in France at least, it is still the structure that is decorated, it is the naked body to which an attractive form is sought to be given, and it is in this particular that the architecture of this period stands in such close relation to Greek art." M. Viollet-le-Duc is always eloquent in praise of the Greeks. Elsewhere he says, "We must always recur to them when we wish to get light on questions relating to the arts," which is a simple and literal way of putting Goethe's famous saying, "Die Griechen, die Griechen, immer die Griechen." M. Viollet-le-Duc expresses himself strongly, but not too strongly, on the ignorance and confusion displayed in so much of the architecture of to-day. "That from respect for art—in order to preserve for the world a type of eternal beauty, the original being mutilated and destroyed—we should erect with the utmost care in Paris, on Mont-

martre, a *fac-simile*, in marble, of the Parthenon, built exactly as the Parthenon is—this I can comprehend; it comes under the category of the museums—the perpetuation of an ancient text. But to stick up Greek Doric columns on the first storey of a railway station, engaged between Roman arches, all pointed with mortar or plaster of Paris, and built of soft stone, with jointed lintels; where, I ask, is the reason, the use, the sense, the object of so strange a proceeding? Have we not here rather a sign of contempt than of respect for art? Who would be gratified if we were to go and engrave lines from Homer on the walls of a warehouse?" When we reflect how equally applicable this is to London, when we think that it would have been as easy to have made London pretty as ugly, when we see how much can be done by a few well-directed artistic efforts, it is not unnatural that we should welcome a translation of M. Viollet-le-Duc's works.

Handbook of the Public Picture Galleries of Europe. By Kate Thompson. (Macmillan and Co.)—Miss Thompson's idea of combining in one little volume the catalogues of all the important public picture galleries in Europe, and prefacing the collection with a brief sketch of the history of painting, cannot be too highly commended. It belongs to that class of things which have always been wanted, but whose importance does not appear until they come into existence, when we begin to wonder how we ever did without them, and why they were not thought of long before. But Miss Thompson is not good only in idea; the execution of her task is highly praiseworthy. In the catalogues all the most important pictures—amongst them we are glad to see, in the Naples Museum list, the comparatively little known "Atalanta's Race" of Guido Reni—are pointed out with exceedingly good taste and discrimination, while the historical preface, though necessarily brief, and written in a modest and unpretending manner, criticises with appreciation and artistic feeling, is very well done, and gives in its short space an exceedingly clear and comprehensive account of the history of painting. We think Miss Thompson might, in speaking of Andrea del Sarto, have adduced as an admirable example of the master the beautiful "Four Saints" of the Academia at Florence, which, however, she does not forget to catalogue. Leonardo is slightly dealt with and the "Virgin and St. Anne" of the Louvre calls for mention; moreover, there is something too sweeping in the assertion that most of Blake's drawings "are extremely defective as works of art." But as a whole the work is very good, and it would be wise of everyone about to make an art tour in any or all of the picture countries of Europe to take this pleasing little volume as a companion. It forms a delightful medium between the more ponderous works which are difficult adjuncts to travelling and the heavy pedantic inaccuracy of most guide-books.

Dulwich College and Edward Alleyn. By William Harnett Blanch. (E. W. Allen.)—Just now, when Dulwich College has been brought prominently forward as the scene of a disagreeable dispute, Mr. Blanch's little volume comes singularly *à propos*. Here those interested will find all the information possible about God's Gift College, from its foundation through its somewhat chequered career, down to the present day. Quite as interesting are the some twenty pages devoted to the memoir of the founder of the College, Edward Alleyn, the famous actor, of whom it was said that he and Burbage "were two such actors as no age must ever look to see the like of," and whose second wife was a daughter of the famous Dr. Donne. Mr. Blanch sums up his subject by saying:—"Alleyn's life was, after all, but an ordinary one. It may fitly be compared to the seasons—as it contained spring, with its tender leaves of hope; summer, with its full weight of work; autumn, with its honours and successes; and the winter—well, Edward Alleyn had but little winter, for he was cut off at the age of sixty-one. Take him all in all he was a fine character." It may interest the supporters of Sunday amusements to know that they must include Edward Alleyn in the list of their historical supporters, though his ideas of amusement would sound strange to the advocates of the opening of museums on Sundays, or even the bolder spirits who boldly go in for the continental principle of opened theatres, for Alleyn petitioned to be allowed to bait bears on Sunday. But, after all, the recreation of bear-baiting was no more surprising to the days of the Stuarts than the exhibition of Pongo is to us of to-day. Mr. Blanch has carried out the portion of his work relating to the College with great judgment, completeness, and discrimination, and the memorial of the founder is an admirable historical monograph. Not only care and accuracy were to be expected from Mr. Blanch, but an easy and pleasing way of conveying his information, and in none of these particulars will the readers of this his best book be at all disappointed.

THE MAGAZINES.

Professor Seeley's stimulating article in *Macmillan's* on "Prussian History" has been suggested by the publication of the Memoirs of Prince Hardenberg. It will be a surprise to many English readers to find that the real memoirs of Hardenberg are now published for the first time. Those who are old enough to have read Alison's 'History of Europe' must be rather sceptical as to the possibility of getting new light on German affairs from this source, the "Hard." of Alison's pages, who is quoted so often that he can hardly be supposed to have much that is new to disclose. And no doubt if the Memoirs on which Alison relied had not been a forgery—if that can be called a forgery which did not assume any name, but left a certain *homme d'état* to be identified as Prince Hardenberg, and acquiesced in his identification—the historian of Europe would have left nothing but gleanings from this source for his successors, for, with all his prejudices, he made a thoroughly honest use of his materials. But unfortunately for him, the identification of Prince Hardenberg as Count d'Allonville's *homme d'état* was a mistake. Hardenberg's papers, from which d'Allonville was supposed to have drawn his facts, were lying all the time in the Prussian archives, with instructions that they must remain under seal for fifty years. Professor Seeley remarks humorously on the meekness with which the German historians have protested against the authority given to the spurious memoirs. "They have probably felt," he says, "that they had no remedy, for though they have the ear of Europe on questions of learning or science, and certainly of history also, when the history is remote enough to have become the property of *savants*, on recent history it matters not what they say or what they prove, since no one either in France or England reads it." They were content to bide their time when the seal of the real memoirs was broken by Prince Bismarck at the appointed time five years ago; the new materials were entrusted to the veteran von Ranke, who has introduced the two volumes of the 'Memoir' with two more volumes of preliminary history. In a country where there is no parliament, its history, or at least the history of its Government, must necessarily remain secret till such time as its State papers are given to the world. The main object of Professor Seeley's article is to urge that the history of the period covered by Hardenberg's papers is particularly worth knowing. It would be difficult to put prevailing misconceptions regarding Prussian history in a clearer light than he does. Most people derive their knowledge of Prussian history from Carlyle's 'Frederick the Great,' and the recent burst of the German Empire upon the stage of the world as a dominant Power. Naturally they connect the two; they look upon the marvellous successes of German arms and German statesmanship as the fruit of Frederick's labours. They do not know that the system elaborated by Frederick collapsed as utterly in the beginning of this century, at the touch of invasion, as Nicholas's system collapsed before the disasters of the Crimean War. The founders of Prussian greatness were the men who essayed the reconstruction of the kingdom after Jena and Austerlitz, and this is what Professor Seeley has to say of their labours:—

But if this period is all-important in the history of modern Germany, is it also interesting in itself? What! the battle of Jena—the downfall in a single week of the monarchy of the great Frederick—and then its resurrection seven years afterwards—the War of Liberation—the fall of Napoleon—can a period which offers occurrences like these be other than interesting? And of course all admit the interest of it, but then most come to it with a curious preoccupation, as if all these occurrences belonged to French and not to German history, or at least as if it were only the French aspect of them that was interesting. It is with this chapter of history as with *Paradise Lost*; the character of Satan stands out so strikingly that it kills all the rest of the piece. Just as in the poem we forget to think of what the poet undertook to unfold to us—the destiny of mankind and the grand redemptive schemes of Providence—because all this is dim and remote, and think only of Satan because he is passionate, intense, and dramatic; so does Napoleon, the great Deceiver and Destroyer, absorb the interest that ought to be given to the progressive movement of Europe in his age. But what is excusable when we are dealing with a poem is less so when we are studying history. Poetically, perhaps, evil is more interesting than good, but it is not so important historically. The work of Napoleon looks smaller and smaller as time goes on, but the work which was done in Germany at the same time looks greater and greater. At the time Napoleon's lawless violence was taken for creative genius; but now we see how small a part of his creation stands the test of time, but that all attempts to revive it only prove its worthlessness more decisively; and how even after being restored it falls again. We can now only praise him negatively, as one who swept away what was bad, and even if we try to represent him as a great impulsive force which roused mankind out of lethargy, we discover that he only produced this effect because he failed, and that had his empire endured, with its centralisation and brutal military repression, it would have produced a far more fatal lethargy than any that it disturbed. We see that his place is not among the gods, but among the Titans, of history, not with the Cæsars and Charlemagnes, who founded the enduring fabric of civilisation, but with Louis XIV., Philip II., and others who have merely established ephemeral and mischievous ascendencies. Meanwhile the work of those who resisted Napoleon—even if no one of them should ever be placed in the highest class of the benefactors of mankind—has in some cases proved enduring, and nowhere so much as in Germany. They began two great works—the reorganisation of Prussia and the revival of the German nationality, and time has deliberately ratified their views. Without retrogression, without mistake, except the mistake which in such matters is the most venial that can be committed, that, namely, of over-caution, of excessive hesitation, the edifice which was then founded has been raised higher and higher till it is near completion. The French empire revived again only to fall again with disgrace; France annexed Savoy and Nice, but she lost Alsace and Lorraine; and she did not avenge Waterloo. But Jena has been avenged; the manes of Queen Louise are propitiated; Barbarossa is awake at last.

Professor Seeley is not quite sure how to account for the general indifference to German history, but he attributes it, in the main, to two causes—first, the intricate appearance which German history always presents from the multitude of small States; second, the fact that the Germans do not write history in a dramatic or epigrammatic style. He goes on to say:—

The first difficulty lies altogether on the surface; as to the second, it must be confessed that the Germans as a nation have not the art of posing like their neighbours. The French contrive to make the long ignominy and decay of Louis XV.'s reign interesting, while the Germans cannot make even the age of Stein and Hardenberg seem so. Nor, I fear, will the two thousand judicious pages in German type, which have suggested this paper, mend the matter. German history will never be read by the novel-reading public. But that it should be read by *nobody* seems a pity. It is quite as instructive and important as other history. And if it does not make a good novel of plot, it makes, at least in the age we are thinking of, a very fair novel of character.

Humboldt, the great educational reformer and founder of the University of Berlin; Scharnhorst, who reorganised the Prussian army; Stein, "the first and grandest representative of the German idea, are all interesting characters; and the sentence with which Professor Seeley concludes is worth laying to heart:—"If we made a commencement by becoming familiar with the lives of a few of these men, we should find the fog which now hides German politics from our view insensibly dissipated, and, I believe, also, we should be astonished at the richness, variety, and interest of the scene which would be disclosed."

One of the best articles in a remarkably strong and solid number of the *Fortnightly Review* is that on "Antithetic Fallacies," by Mr. Frank Hill. We are much more the slaves of words than we are generally willing to admit, and there is no form of words more tyrannical than this whose yoke Mr. Hill has endeavoured to break. It is quite true that every word has a correlative, and that it is an excellent way for thoroughly understanding the meaning of a word to confront what it is with what it is not. We may even go so far as to say that, until we know the negative meaning, we do not thoroughly know the positive meaning. But then, unfortunately, this process of ascertaining the opposite of an idea is a troublesome process, and the human intellect being naturally indolent, and anxious to shirk as much labour as possible, does not generally perform it with sufficient care. We are struck by some vague and partial opposition, which we straightway embody in a pair of antithetic words, between which we ever afterwards refuse to recognise anything in common. To make matters worse, we attach some evil significance to one of the couple, and treat the other as irreproachable. "Theory" and "practice," "logic" and "common sense," are two antithetic couples which Mr. Hill instances as examples of this habit. There is no necessary opposition between the words thus contrasted; the antithesis is a sham, but it is so despotically established in the general mind that it entirely crushes the power of independent thought. Call anything a theory, and at once the antithetic evil genius of that word comes in and compels you to believe that it cannot be practicable. Call a process logical, and you have no choice—it cannot be common sense. The particular antithesis against which Mr. Hill's attack is directed is that between sentiment and policy, a form of words which probably has more power in the country at this moment than ever was exercised by the most despotic of monarchs.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's article in the *Fortnightly*, on "The Scepticism of Believers," which ought to be read in connexion with Mr. Hill's article on "Antithetic Fallacies," contains more aggressive epigrams than that which lurks in the title. "Men die of many diseases; creeds of one—the disease of being found out." "To speak brutally (as is sometimes pleasant and healthy), one might say that faith is often used to signify a belief in my nonsense; credulity, belief in somebody else's nonsense." But the article as a whole is a piece of close reasoning and earnest vindication, designed to prove that unbelievers so-called have as much right to accuse believers of scepticism as believers have to prefer that charge against unbelievers, and that those who attack the supernatural basis of morality do not attack morality itself. The following passage gives an idea of the manner in which Mr. Stephen justifies his title:—

One or two familiar arguments from the evidence writers may give a clue to the inquiry. A man believes in the Immaculate Conception. He denies, then, that a certain event took place in accordance with laws exemplified in all similar cases. He impugns in this instance the validity of that inductive process upon which he counts at every step in daily life. He is a scientific sceptic in the strictest sense, for he is throwing doubt upon the trustworthiness of one of the primary ratiocinative processes. The same is true, whenever an event, admitted by all parties to have occurred, is ascribed by one party to supernatural interference. An amiable apologist expressed his surprise the other day that men of science should take into account such trifles as the existence of flint implements, and refuse to take into account the existence of the Bible and Christianity. Surely he never heard of the men of science who denied the existence of the Bible and of Christianity. Which man really declines "to take a fact into account?"—the man who declares it to be altogether exceptional and supernatural, or the man who regards it as a result of the normal operation of recognised forces? Which implies the greatest "scepticism?"—the assertion that somebody wrote the Book of Genesis by faculties similar to those which enabled another to write Homer, or the assertion that it is utterly impossible that anybody would have written down the legends of the Garden of Eden and the Ark, without the direct assistance of God Almighty? If it is sceptical to deny one agency, it is equally sceptical to deny the other. What is given to Jehovah is taken from Moses.

The *Contemporary* for this month contains several powerful and interesting articles, the contributors being Professor Goldwin Smith, M. Renan, Mr. Edward Dowden, Mr. Mark Pattison, Mr. George Howell, Professor Edward Caird, and Mr. Gallenga. But the article which will attract most attention is a savage attack on the "Society" journals, entitled "The Newest Thing in Journalism." The attack is made with a bludgeon, but the writer lays about him with abundance of rough vigour, and on the whole we suppose, from the

specimens which he quotes, he has reason to be angry with this latest development of journalism, though we should like to hear him explain how it is that, with all his hatred and contempt for these journals, he has acquired such a marvellous familiarity with their contents. Purely for the sake of issuing this warning to weaker brethren, no doubt, and not at all for his own entertainment. However, we must not be too suspicious of this vigorous moralist. Moralists generally preach with most indignation against their own besetting sins. Whatever vanquished liking he may have for *Vanity Fair* and the *World*, the *Contemporary* reviewer is very decided in the measures which he recommends to society for its protection against these ministers to frivolity and disturbers of serious aims :—

A philosophic Liberal, contemplating this phenomenon, might make a strong point, perhaps, by noting the fact that it is coincident with the rise and prosperity of the Conservative party. Most of the journals belong, openly or tacitly, to the uppermost side in politics. Few of them, we fancy, would differ from the writer in *Vanity Fair* that "it is perfectly true that society never has regarded, never will regard, Mr. Gladstone as a gentleman, for *amongst other reasons*, he comes of the middling or trading classes, and society can hardly be made to consider any such a gentleman until many generations of a different life and other pursuits and associates have removed the *trading taint*." But after all, it would be unfair to credit the Conservative party with this monstrosity which is clinging so tenaciously to its skirts. The simple fact is, these journals are written for the lowest and most ignorant of the vulgar-genteel, male and female. Only a vigorous resistance is necessary to prevent them from obtruding further into those paths now occupied by respectable journals. Let them be confined, as far as possible, to the railway carriage and the smoking-room of the club. Let newspapers of character, metropolitan and provincial, simply ignore them, and refrain from quoting a line from their columns. Let it be understood clearly that modest women and pure-minded men have no more call to read the literature of the scandal-monger than to study the literature of the brothel; if one is the more outrageous, the other is the more pernicious and insidious. Let the newest thing in journalism die its own natural death, amid the contempt and pity of all cleanly people, who respect honest literature and live earnest lives.

The note on Samuel Warren in *Blackwood's*, as was to be expected, does something more than justice to the novelist, whose ability William Blackwood has the credit of having been the first to recognise. Warren was a young man of two-and-twenty when he wrote his 'Diary of a Late Physician,' and he tried in vain for a publisher in London, but Blackwood accepted it at once, and encouraged the author to write more. Undoubtedly the 'Diary' was a great success, but it is going too far to "trace the part which mental analysis now occupies in fiction in some measure to the influence which the delicate studies in the 'Diary' soon began to exercise upon literary taste." Warren was a clever workman, not a great originator, as this would imply. Exuberant as is the humour of 'Ten Thousand a Year,' we may doubt whether it would ever have existed but for 'Pickwick,' at whose heels it followed, and which it almost rivalled in popularity. The spirit of Warren's writing is so different from Dickens's that it is almost a paradox to suggest that the one owed anything to the other; still, though there is no question of imitation, there can be no doubt that Warren received his stimulus to conceive the adventures of Tittlebat Titmouse from the astonishing vogue of the 'Pickwick Papers.' Although *Blackwood's* rather exaggerates the position of Warren in literature, as is natural and pardonable in an obituary notice of an old contributor, the article contains some very happy touches of criticism, one of the best of which is the following:—"Of Warren we are almost tempted to say that we are never so conscious of the novelist as when he is penning a law treatise, or of the lawyer as when he is moulding the structure of one of his novels."

We are glad to see that Mr. Hardy, the author of 'Far From the Madding Crowd' and 'The Hand of Ethelberta,' is at work again. There is no mistaking his hand in 'For Percival,' the new novel which begins this month in the *Cornhill*.

"We suppose," begins an article in the *Cornhill* on 'The Poetry of September,' "that every month in the year has its own peculiar physiognomy, by which the true lover of Nature would at once recognise it were he dropped from the clouds in a balloon after a prolonged absence in some other planet. Months melt into one another imperceptibly, of course; but such a one would know that the middle of July was not the middle of June, or the middle of August the middle of July. And this not by the weather, or the temperature, or by any agricultural operation which might betray the truth, but by the peculiar expression which Nature wears at different seasons of the year." We do not know; it would surely take a very clever fellow to tell that this week has been the first week of September. We fear, too, that the writer will not obtain much sympathy for his invitation to join with him in his affectionate admiration for the month, unless it changes its character. Who has the patience to read such a sentence as this:—"The actual physical beauty of a September day, though not so luxuriant, it may be, as July or August, stirs us perhaps with a deeper emotion."

MUSIC.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.

There is at first sight something strangely incongruous about the idea of a concert beginning with the overture to *Figaro*, one of the greatest masterpieces of classic music, and ending with the "Leicester Square Quick March," for full orchestra and band of the Coldstream Guards. Still more grotesque perhaps is the juxtaposition of Mozart's G Minor Symphony, and that slough of vulgarity and artistic degradation—selection from Offenbach's *Grande Duchesse*. But when we come to consider the purpose for which this strange mixture is composed, and the audience assembled, and eager to enjoy it, our æsthetical scruples begin in some measure to vanish.

Wer Vieles bringt wird manchem etwas bringen,
Und jeder geht befriedigt aus dem Haus,

is the maxim of the theatrical manager in Goethe's *Faust*, and has been that of all caterers to public enjoyment before and after. The commercial soundness of the principle is in this instance placed beyond a doubt by the large audiences which throng Covent Garden on the so-called classical nights, and even the most rigorous purist will be somewhat pacified on observing the breathless attention with which the first and serious part of the concert is listened to by these miscellaneous gatherings. Last Wednesday it might have been noticed that a great many people left after the selection from Mozart's works, certainly an admirable sign of growing musical discernment amongst the masses. Upon the whole, therefore, there is little to quarrel with in Signor Arditi's programmes. At the same time, we should prefer to see anything absolutely bad and vulgar excluded from even these popular entertainments, were it only for the sake of the excellent musicians who compose Signor Arditi's orchestra, and who must feel humiliated and disgusted at having to waste their energies on too many worthless productions. *A propos* of the orchestra, we may add that a finer body of strings could not be found at any of our concert-halls during the season, and that the Philharmonic Society, for instance, could not do better than transfer band and conductor to their platform. The most interesting event of last Wednesday's concert was the performance, for the first time in England, of Mozart's "Andante" for solo flute (Opus 86). With this we touch upon an important feature of these concerts. For some reason or other wind instruments have gone out of fashion at our classical concerts, the result being not only that many beautiful works written by the great masters for these instruments remain unheard, but also that the art of playing on the flute, the oboe, the clarinet, is more and more neglected, much to the detriment also of orchestral performances. It was therefore an excellent idea on the part of Messrs. Gatti, or their musical advisers, to vindicate the rights of these instruments, and to engage the first *virtuosi* of the metropolis for the pur-

pose. The rendering of Mozart's "Andante" by Mr. Olaf Svendsen was beyond all praise. Of the other soloists of the concert, that most graceful of violin players, Mlle. Pommereul, deserves to be mentioned first. Of the graceful charm of her style we have previously spoken, but her physical strength is as yet hardly sufficient to produce a rich and powerful tone such as is required for a large concert-hall. Neither does her instrument appear to be of the first order, but, in spite of all this, her appearance was rapturously greeted by the audience. Mlle. Debillemont, the pianist of the evening, is another promising novice. She played one of Liszt's Hungarian Fantasias, and, to judge by the applause elicited, the music of the future also must have zealous votaries amongst the throng at Covent Garden. Mlle. Maria Derivis might have chosen less familiar pieces than "Voi che sapete" and "Batti, Batti," but her delivery is pleasing, and her soprano voice of sympathetic *timbre*. M. Antoine Bouman, the accomplished violoncellist, completed the list of solo performers.

Whatever the absolute æsthetical value of these concerts may be judged to be, it is certainly significant of our democratic era that a musical entertainment such as we have specified, together with a lounge in a richly though gaudily decorated concert-hall, should be at the reach of everyone for the moderate sacrifice of one shilling. The derelict cockney ought to take comfort at the thought.

DRAMA.

OPERA COMIQUE.

Liz is a melodrama of the genuine type, such as it is positively refreshing to meet with, even somewhat late in the season, after the feeble imitations of Robertson and the tasteless adaptations from the French, with which we have so long been favoured. Liz is a colliery girl in Riggan, daughter of a drunken disreputable scoundrel; but in spite of her surroundings and her bringing up, she is a model of all that a woman ought to be. She falls in love with a young engineer, and he with her. They alternately save each other's lives on various trying occasions, with two of which Liz's father has much to do; and after the usual difficulties and diffidence, the play ends with a happy prospect of marriage. This, with a few minor interests, of which the chief are the loves of a timid young clergyman and a rich mineowner's daughter, compose the play. It reminds us occasionally of the *Long Strike*, also now and then of Mr. Charles Reade's *Put Yourself in His Place*; and it is by no means without defects. First of all, it is more a succession of accidents than a well-connected drama. Events of, apparently, the most important nature take place in every act, and yet nothing in particular comes of them. This, perhaps, the dramatist would urge, makes its resemblance to real life the greater; it certainly affords plenty of incident. Thus in the first act we have two rescues, one by Liz herself of a poor girl, Nan, who is seeking refuge from a mob of indignant women; the other, a rescue of Liz by Derrick, the young engineer, from the murderous anger of her own father. In the next act, this father, with two choice companions, attempts the life of Derrick, but by an ingenious device the father falls into his own plot, and is killed by his satellites under the impression that they are killing Derrick. An emphatic protest must be entered against the horrible realism which puts upon the stage the murder of a man by vitriol and knob-sticks. The throwing of vitriol is unfortunately common enough, but its presentation on the stage, the sort of wholesale instruction as to "how it's done," is certainly to be regretted. The next act gives an explosion in a mine, and ends with the young curate courageously joining the rescuing party, recruited also by Liz who goes to save Derrick, who is, of course, involved in the catastrophe. The last act ends everything happily.

Striking as are the defects of the play, it is not without merits. It is healthy and interesting; the dramatic excitement is steadily worked up, and, as a whole, it is excellently acted. Miss Rose Leclerq's Liz is a really admirable and thoroughly artistic piece of acting. When, some years ago, she acted the very small part of Astarte in Byron's *Manfred*, the way in which she uttered the one word "Manfred" became the success of its season. The power and beauty of Miss Leclerq's voice makes the harsh Lancashire dialect, which she sustains admirably all through the play, clear and musical, while her acting gives to the part of Liz a grace and original individuality that is exceedingly delightful. Very good is Mr. Taylor's Owd Sammy, the clever, oracular old Lancashire man, one of the best specimens of really humorous acting we have had on the stage for a long time. Mr. Carton's acting, as the young clergyman, also calls for special commendation; the progress he has made since he first appeared is really remarkable, and he bids fair to take a prominent place among our younger actors. Mr. Beveridge was very commendable as Derrick, the young engineer.

Liz was preceded by an exceedingly bright and clever little comedietta, by Mr. Gerald Dixon, entitled *Married Another*, in which the laughable misadventures of an heiress-hunting German officer are presented in a very lively and amusing manner. Mr. Dixon's work has this great merit, among many others, that there is evidence of brains in it, and that it is not merely vamped up to occupy half an hour. Work of this kind in comediettas is much wanted, and it is to be hoped that Mr. Dixon will continue to do it. With regard to its acting, that of Miss Louisa Howard was especially good; Mr. Carton did a very small part well; and Mr. Beveridge was creditable as the hero.

VARIORUM NOTES.

"A calumny once born can never be killed," said Napoleon I., and he was an authority in such matters. It is truly wonderful how historical mis-statements are, year after year, repeated in good faith, in spite of repeated publication of the true facts. The famous *Finis Poloniæ* myth reappeared the other day in a contemporary in the following elaborate form:—"'*Finis Poloniæ!*' exclaimed Thaddeus Kosciuskho, throwing away his sword, when surrounded by Suvarof's grenadiers at the carnage of Praga—that 'bloodiest picture in the book of time.' Since that evil day those words have been often repeated by other despairing patriots, after abortive insurrections; but Poland, though politically dead, still lives in the hearts of millions." Now Kosciuszko (for such is the spelling of his name) never threw away his sword in the battle of Macieiowice—for it was there, not at Praga, that he was defeated, nor did he ever utter the exclamation "*Finis Poloniæ!*" More than this. Annoyed by the repetition of what he considered a calumny against himself and against his fatherland, he published a letter, in which he declared that "ignorance or malice had, with fierce pertinacity, put the expression, '*Finis Poloniæ*,' in his mouth"—an expression styled by him an "insulting" one, "against which he protested, as against a blasphemy, with all his soul." Wounded, almost mortally, before the battle of Macieiowice was decided, Kosciuszko—so he further states—only recovered consciousness two days afterwards, when he found himself in the hands of his enemies. The exclamation in question was, consequently, on the face of it, an impossible one. "When the Polish nation," he remarked, "called me to the defence of the integrity, independence, dignity, glory, and liberty of our fatherland, it knew well that I was not the last Pole in existence, and that, with my death on the battle-field, or elsewhere, Poland could not, and would not, be at an end." This letter is in the family archives of the Counts of Ségur in France.

Another strange statement we have seen within the last few days, is an alleged derivation of the name of Moldavia from a *mollah*, or priest, named Xamolxis, the High Priest of the primeval Scythian inhabitants. The word was said to be

corrupted from *mollah-div-ia*, or the Country of the Immortal Mollah." This is worse than anything we have met with for a long time past. A "mollah," or Mahomedan priest, and Zamolxis, or Zalmoxis (for such is his name in Herodotus), what words to couple together! Zalmoxis was a deity of the Getic (*i.e.* Germanic) Thracians—not the Scythians. According to Herodotus, it was supposed that originally Zalmoxis had been a slave to Pythagoras, and, having been liberated, became a Reformer among the Thracians near the Danube. Surely this was ages before the establishment of a Mahommedan priesthood in that neighbourhood.

Prince Bismarck has all along steadfastly refused to return the visit of the Turkish ambassador, Sadullah Bey; but shortly before leaving Berlin for Gastein, he was seen to enter Sadullah Bey's residence. Sadullah was not at home, and one of the secretaries sent post-haste to find him, saying that Prince Bismarck had just entered the place. Unfortunately, Prince Bismarck's visit was not to the Turk, but to Mr. Washbourne, who was living in the same house. Since the Berlin Foreign Office has expressed its disbelief in the truth of the Turkish accounts of Russian atrocities, Wolff's Telegraphic Agency has refused to accept them. They are thus now handed in to the Hirsch Agency, whose accuracy is of a very secondary character.

The Turkish Consul at Pesth, Halil Bey, is having an exciting time. His house in the Herbst-Gasse is besieged from early morn till late at night by enthusiastic admirers offering their services to the Porte. Poles, Hungarians, and all sorts of nationless individuals, are ready to do anything for the Porte—lead a forlorn hope, act as surgeons or nurses, and anything else. All they want is a few hundred francs at once, and a free pass to Turkey. One individual said he admired Turkey because they shut up their wives there. Many are ready to become Mussulmans forthwith if they can avoid any painful formalities. One asked the Consul to get him a pair of Turkish slippers; another vainly importuned him to procure photographs of all the Sultans from Osman down to Abdul Hamid. but nearly all wanted the loan of a few florins "just till to-morrow." This latter request the Consul at last granted. He gave each of them a florin, and since then he has had comparative peace. But in the small hours of morning he is generally rung up by a band of students, who insist on embracing and kissing their beloved brother, and honouring him with a series of "Eljens" and a few serenades.

A letter from Bucharest states that Mr. Archibald Forbes has received the Order of St. George—the highest military distinction—from the C zar. But what Mr. Forbes has gained in honour he has lost in weight and beauty, for he is represented as having no more than skin on his bones, and none of that even on his face, from which it is peeling off in successive layers, owing to the great heat of the sun.

A military friend entertained Prince Bismarck the other day by an elaborate disquisition on the deeds, errors, and chances of the Russian and Turkish armies. Prince Bismarck listened quietly, but expressed no opinion on the matter, till his friend asked him plainly what he thought about them. The Prince replied laconically, "I think that each army is just getting the thrashing it deserves!"

Some Greek bankers from Constantinople recently paid a visit to General Ignatieff, and offered their services as contractors and financiers. Ignatieff replied that they had come too late; but, as they would take no refusal, he advised them to negotiate a Turkish loan in England, as the Russians would soon be at Constantinople, and would want a considerable sum from the Porte to pay for the war.

Somebody has been writing to the papers from Barracone, stating that Louis Kossuth had informed him that his son Francis had established himself in London, and was the proprietor of a needle manufactory. For "London" read Cesena, and for "needle factory" read sulphur mine.

Mr. Layard's recent despatches are not to pass unchallenged. Mr. Jasper More, formerly one of the members for Shropshire, who accompanied Lady Strangford on her first mission to the East, is preparing a book on the subject of Bulgaria.

None of the biographies of M. Thiers that we have seen seem to have mentioned the fact that Balzac's 'Rastignac' was supposed by some to be a satirical portraiture of the great Orleanist statesman.

It seems that, after all, Mr. Jenkins will not prosecute the *Morning Post* for its references to him in connexion with the question of Home Rule, the *Post* having, after a fashion, made the *amende honorable*. Mr. Jenkins, however, intends to republish his contributions to the *Contemporary Review* on the subject of Imperial Federation, which will show the difference between his views and those of the Irish Home Rulers.

A curious story comes from Madagascar about the wholesale importation of rum, which has been followed by consequences that must have made the hair of Sir Wilfrid Lawson stand on end. It is to the effect that the duty on spirits was reduced from 33 to 10 per cent. under the influence of the American consul at that time, he having "refused to admit any higher import duty than 10 per cent. on Mauritius rum consigned to his son." A charge of nepotism, like this, ought to be investigated at once.

Mr. Millais' picture of "Effie Deans" must certainly be considered a success, for the price of artist's proofs has been raised to twenty guineas.

Tenderness to dumb animals is at last beginning to be heard of in Spain. Both at Cadiz and at Santander societies have been formed for "repressing acts of inhumanity, and raising the general tone of the community in relation to such matters."

The Rev. David Macrae, Scotch "heretic" and humourist—the words are substantially synonymous—is a very unreasonable man. The other day he asked the Presbytery, of which he is a member, to tell him what was meant by "steadfast adherence" to the Westminster Confession and Shorter Catechism, on the ground that the catechism "taught that the world was made in six days out of nothing." His friends refused to answer his question, and told him it was "perfect nonsense."

A Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings has been started, with several strong names on its committee. It points out that within the last fifty years a new interest has arisen in ancient monuments of art, but that the present treatment of them and the last fifty years of knowledge and attention have done more for their destruction than all the injuries of foregoing centuries. The reason given for this is that architecture, long decaying, died out, as a popular art at least, just as the knowledge of mediæval art was born, and that the civilised world of the nineteenth century has no style of its own amidst its wide knowledge of the styles of other centuries. From this lack and this gain arose in men's minds the strange idea of the restoration of ancient buildings; a strange and a most fatal idea, which by its very name implies that it is possible to strip from a building this, that, and the other part of its history—of its life, that is, and then to stay the hand at some arbitrary point, and leave it still historical, living, and even as it once was. The committee conclude by an eloquent appeal for the buildings yet left free from reckless restoration. "It is for all these buildings, therefore, of all times and styles, that we plead, and call upon those who have to deal with them to put Protection in the place of Restoration, to stave off decay by daily care, to prop a perilous wall or mend a leaky roof by such means as are obviously meant for support or covering, and show no pretence of other art, and otherwise to resist all tampering with either the fabric or ornament of the building as it stands; if it has become inconvenient for its present use, to raise another building rather than alter or enlarge the old one; in fine, to treat our ancient buildings as monuments of a bygone art, created by bygone manners, that modern art cannot meddle with without destroying. Thus, and thus only, shall we escape the reproach of our learning being turned into a snare to us; thus, and thus only, can we protect our ancient buildings, and hand them down instructive and venerable to those that come aft

us." A society that is supported by the names of Lord Houghton, Thomas Carlyle, Mr. William Morris, Mr. G. Burne-Jones, Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Poynter, Mr. Comyns Carr, Mr. W. B. Scott, Mr. Alma Tadema, and a host of others shows at once its authority to put forward pleas and opinions, and deserves the attention and consideration of all to whom our old buildings are of interest.

Readers of Mr. Matthew Arnold's 'Essays in Criticism'—and everybody who has not read them should lose no time in doing so—will remember a foot-note in which he protests against revolutionising our spelling, and so depriving the present generation of all pleasure in their favourite books for the sake of the coming generation. He has returned to the subject in his last report as a School Inspector, with the following suggestions of spelling reform, which he considers not only practicable, but advisable, and even urgent. "At present," he says, "the printers in great measure fix our spelling according to their sense of what is symmetrical. The practical advice I would give to teachers is to take every opportunity of remarking when our present spelling is erroneous through blunder. Both they and their scholars will learn a great deal by doing so. For instance, we find, almost universally, 'connection,' 'reflection,' instead of 'connexion,' 'reflexion.' This the printers give us from the analogy of words like 'affection,' 'collection,' and for the sake of symmetry. But 'collection' comes from a Latin participle in *ectus*, and 'reflection' from a Latin participle in *exus*, and to give the two nouns the same termination is a pure blunder in grammar. We shall never find these terminations confounded in French. Again, it is almost impossible to induce a printer to print 'a forgone advantage'; he insists on making it 'foregone,' because we speak of 'a foregone conclusion.' But a forgone advantage means an advantage gone without; a foregone conclusion means a conclusion anticipated."

Ludwig Podhorszky, whose important philological labours we have mentioned before, has published, in German, an 'Etymological Lexicon of the Magyar Language, Genetically Explained from Chinese Roots and Word-stems.' The book is the result of deep research, and must become the theme of lively discussion among Sinologists.

A 'Political and Diplomatic History of the Life of Peter Paul Rubens' has been published by M. Gachard, the Keeper of the Belgian State Archives. Forty years ago Mr. Gachard had given the first authentic data on the diplomatic missions of the great artist from the Paris Archive of Foreign Affairs. In the present volume, the Belgian, English, French, Spanish, and Italian archives have been ransacked for the object in question. There are letters of Rubens to the Princess Isabella Clara Eugenia, to Olivares, to Ambrogio Spinola; letters of King Philip IV.; and documents of various kinds. With regard to the rival claims of Siegen, Köln, and Antwerp, each of which towns aspires to the honour of having been the birthplace of Rubens, we may say that, to whatever town he may be assigned, he remains a Nether-German at all events. It was somewhat strange, considering this fact and the essentially Nether-German or Flemish character of Antwerp itself, to see special correspondents describe the people of that town as "Anversois." Would not Antwerpeners, or Antwerpers, have been a trifle better? After all, the native speech of that good old town is not French, but *Neder-duitsch*.

We have received a copy of the decree recently issued by the Government of the canton of Zurich, granting facultative cremation. Owing to the wording of the law of 1854, which only spoke of the "inhumation" (*Beerdigung*) of corpses, there had been great difficulties in the way of the agitation of the Fire-burial Society. Fortunately, the Sanitary Law of December 10, 1876, was differently worded. It spoke of the "disposal of corpses" (*Leichen-Bestattung*), an expression which offered a handle for further agitation of the subject. In their petition, the Committee of the Zurich Society discountenanced the idea of compulsory fire-burial, but declared it to be the natural right of every individual to have his remains disposed of by incineration. From the point of view of public health, of political economy, as well as from æsthetic considerations, the latter mode was declared by the Society to be, in the opinion of its members, the preferable one. Thereupon, the Government of the Canton has now ordained that facultative cremation may be practised in the new burial-place of Zurich, provided the Siemens apparatus, or any improved form of it, be employed. In each particular case it is required that the desire of having the corpse subjected to cremation should be expressed by a written, authenticated, and not revoked declaration of the departed; and that a medical inquiry should have taken place, averring that death had not been brought about by any criminal deed. Cremation is, moreover, to be so conducted that no encroachment is made upon the rights of the religious community concerned. The ashes of every corpse are to be preserved in a separate, and numbered urn, to be kept, for twenty years, in the public burial-place. After that time, the relations may claim the urn. At Paris, also, the Municipal Council has resolved upon offering a prize for the best treatise on cremation or any other system leading to the same results. The competition was opened in July, and closes on December 31 of the present year. The jury, nominated by the Prefect of the Seine, will be composed of fifteen members, one-third of whom must be taken from the Municipal Council. The prize for the best essay is 25,000 francs; for the two next best 15,000 and 10,000 francs respectively.

Mr. George Meredith is to be among the lecturers this session at the Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh.

A man is supposed to deposit his money in a post-office savings bank for the purpose, among others, of having something to fall back upon when he is sick and unable to earn. Can it be true, as we have heard for a positive fact, that by some new regulation only the depositor himself can withdraw any of the money he has put in? Even the usual formal order, signed by him and presented by his wife, is, we are told, no longer of any avail. It therefore comes to this, that at the very moment when he most wants his money, being seriously ill and unable to move from his bed, he cannot possibly get it. He may have it when he is well, and when he does not want it, but when the time comes for which he specially wished to provide, he is not allowed to have any of it. A regulation so absurd would seem to be impossible, and yet we are assured that it is in existence.

We have received a copy of the 'Victoria Year-Book,' from which it is easy at a glance to gather how this, the Miss Kilmansegg of the Colonies, has progressed during the past half-century in material wealth and prosperity. Victoria has of late made itself notorious by reason of the people who now form its government, the measures which they have passed, and the political programme of the future they have proposed. We have always looked forward to the time when our Colonies should give us some original ideas on government and the formation of society, and Victoria is the first to fulfil our wish. Paragraph No. 239 of the 'Year-Book' sets forth a novel provision in this new Republic:—"Anyone," it says, "having a gross revenue of not less than 20,000*l.* (*sic*) may be declared by the Governor-General in Council a city." Surely no one in his senses will ever declare himself in Victoria as being the possessor of an income of 20,000*l.* Fancy having to discharge the functions of a court of aldermen, mayor, police, to say nothing of those of a bishop, and all because you have already on your shoulders the awful responsibility of an income amounting to 20,000*l.*! This is not one of the novel ideas of government to which we looked forward.

NEW BOOKS AND NEW EDITIONS.

Athelby, Peter.—Merry and Grave. (Crown 8vo.) S. Tinsley. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Bird, F. S.—Harrington: a Tale of the Hague. (Crown 8vo.) S. Tinsley. 7*s.* 6*d.*

Heard, Rev. J. B., M.A.—National Christianity. (Demy 8vo, pp. 272.) Longmans.

Langford, J. A., LL.D.—Modern Birmingham and its Institutes. Vol. II. (Demy 8vo, pp. 524.) Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 15*s.*

Lang, John Dunmore, D.D.—Origin and Migrations of the Polynesian Nation. (Crown 8vo, pp. 328.) Sampson Low and Co.

Low's Handbook to the Charities of London for 1877–78. (Fcp. 8vo, pp. 184.) Sampson Low and Co. 1*s.*

Pichler, Caroline.—The Siege of Vienna: a Tale of 1683. In 3 vols. (Crown 8vo.) S. Tinsley. 31*s.* 6*d.*

Skemp, T. R.—Reediford Holm. (Crown 8vo.) Remington and Co.

THE EXAMINER.

AN INDEPENDENT WEEKLY REVIEW OF

POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

PRICE 6d.

CONTENTS OF No. 3,631, SEPTEMBER 1, 1877.

Notes and Comments.
The Battles in Bulgaria. Germany, England, and Egypt.
The Indian Famine. Spanish Marriages.
The Speeches of the Party Leaders.
Mr. Forster and his Constituents. The Metropolitan Water-Supply.
The End of the World. Brigham Young.

Green Pastures and Piccadilly, by William Black.—Chapter XXXV.

Mr. Swinburne on Charlotte Brontë. Idols and Ideals.
Ilan Ramsay. Art Administration.
British Columbia. Minor Notices.

Music. Drama.

Variorum Notes.

New Books and New Editions.

Subscription, post free, £1 8s. 6d. per annum.

LONDON: PUBLISHED AT 136 STRAND, W.C.

DORÉ'S GREAT WORKS.—CHRIST LEAVING the PRÆTORIUM and CHRIST ENTERING JERUSALEM; with Dream of Pilate's Wife, House of Caiaphas, &c., at the Doré Gallery, 35 New Bond Street, DAILY, Ten to Six. One Shilling.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE (LONDON) SCHOOL.—
Head-Master—H. WESTON EVE, M.A.
Vice-Master—E. R. HORTON, M.A.

The School will RE-OPEN for New Pupils on TUESDAY, September 25, at 9.30 A.M.

The School Session is divided into Three equal Terms. Fee, £8 8s. per Term, to be paid at the beginning of each Term.

Discipline is maintained without corporal punishment or impositions.

A playground of about two acres in extent, including several Fives' Courts and a Gymnasium, is attached to the School.

The School is close to the Gower Street Station of the Metropolitan Railway, and only a few minutes' walk from the Termini of the North-Western, Midland, and Great Northern Railways. Season Tickets are granted at half-price to Pupils attending the School.

Prospectuses, containing full information, may be obtained at the Office of the College.
TALFOURD ELY, M.A.,
Secretary to the Council.

ROYAL SCHOOL OF MINES.—
DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

During the Twenty-seventh Session, 1877-78, which will commence on the 1st of October, the following COURSES of LECTURES and PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATIONS will be given:—

1. Chemistry. By E. Frankland, Ph.D., F.R.S.
2. Metallurgy. By John Percy, M.D., F.R.S.
3. Natural History. By T. H. Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.
4. Mineralogy. } By Warington W. Smyth, M.A., F.R.S.,
5. Mining. } Chairman.
6. Geology. By John W. Judd, F.R.S.
7. Applied Mechanics. By T. M. Goodeve, M.A.
8. Physics. By Frederick Guthrie, Ph.D., F.R.S.
9. Mechanical Drawing. By Rev. J. H. Edgar, M.A.

The Lecture Fees for Students desirous of becoming Associates are £30 in one sum, on entrance, or two annual payments of £20, exclusive of the Laboratories.

Tickets to separate Courses of Lectures are issued at £3 and £4 each.

Officers in the Queen's Service, Her Majesty's Consuls, Acting Mining Agents and Managers, may obtain Tickets at reduced prices.

Science Teachers are also admitted to the Lectures at reduced fees.

For a Prospectus and information apply to the Registrar, Royal School of Mines, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.
TRENHAM REEKS, Registrar.

THE LONDON HOSPITAL and MEDICAL COLLEGE, Mile End.—The SESSION 1877-78 will COMMENCE on MONDAY, October 1, 1877, when a Conversazione will be held at Eight P.M. Two Entrance Science Scholarships, value £60 and £20, will be offered for competition at the end of September to new Students. Entries on or before September 20. Fee to Lectures and Hospital Practice 90 Guineas in one payment, or 100 Guineas in three instalments. All Resident and other Hospital Appointments are free. The Resident Appointments consist of five House-Physicians, four House-Surgeons, one Accoucheurship; also two Dresserships and two Maternity Assistantships. The London Hospital is now in direct communication by rail and tram with all parts of the Metropolis. R. KERSHAW, Secretary.

Now ready, Fourth Edition, price 2s. 6d.

ON the VALUE of PHOSPHORUS as a REMEDY for LOSS of NERVE-POWER, BREAK-DOWN from OVERWORK, NEURALGIA, MELANCHOLIA, EPILEPSY, and other Manifestations of Nervous Exhaustion; with General Directions for Regimen and Diet. By E. A. KIRBY, M.D., M.R.C.S. Eng., late Physician to the City Dispensary.

H. K. LEWIS, 136 Gower Street, London.

THE CANCER HOSPITAL, BROMPTON, and 167 PICCADILLY, W. Free. (Founded 1851.)

The late Archbishop of Canterbury, in a sermon preached by his Grace on behalf of this Hospital, said:—"There is no disease more pitiable than that to which this Institution is specially devoted. From the first symptoms of attack one long course has commonly been prognosticated—a fearful looking-for of a lingering progress towards a death of anguish. Could the greatness of the suffering be laid before you—could you be shown its severity, so as to see it in its true proportions and natural colours—no one endued with the feelings of humanity could resist the spectacle; they would think all they possessed a trifling sacrifice if, at such a price, they could mitigate such misery; and yet they know that these sufferings exist as surely as if they were spread before their eyes. This, therefore, is a case in which I may justly ask your liberal contributions, that the relief afforded by this Hospital may more nearly approach the amount of misery it endeavours to remove."

SUBSCRIPTIONS will be most thankfully received for this Hospital, which is free. Diet required to be most generous, and medicines of the most expensive kind.

Hon. Treasurer—Geo. T. HERTSLET, Esq., St. James's Palace, S.W.
Bankers—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., Strand, W.C.
Out-Patients' Establishment and Office—167 Piccadilly (opposite to Bond Street), W. H. J. JUPP, Secretary.

BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH.
EUSTON ROAD, LONDON.
HEALTH FOR ALL. THE HYGEIAN SYSTEM OF MEDICINE.
Read the Biographical Sketch of JAMES MORISON, the Hygeist, to be had gratis of all the Hygeian Agents, and the Chemists and Druggists throughout the United Kingdom.

BRIGHTON.—Within Three Doors of the Sea, in an open and airy situation, a BIJOU RESIDENCE, small, compact, complete, and just put in thorough repair. On Lease, at £50 per Annum.
Apply to Mr. G. H. DAY, Estate Agent, 197 Western Road, Brighton.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.—CHUBB & SON, LOCK and SAFE MAKERS, have REMOVED from 57 St. Paul's Churchyard, to New and extensive Premises, 128 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, St. Paul's, E.C. Illustrated Price Lists gratis and post free. Makers to the Queen and the Bank of England.

GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.—TOURIST ARRANGEMENTS, 1877.—First, Second, and Third Class TOURIST TICKETS, available for Two Months, will be issued from MAY 14th to the 31st OCTOBER, 1877.
For particulars, see Time Tables and Programmes issued by the Company.
HENRY OAKLEY, General Manager.
King's Cross, May 1877.

THE SCOTTISH IMPERIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.
London:—2 King William Street, E.C. Glasgow and Edinburgh.
H. AMBROSE SMITH, Secretary and Actuary.

IMPERIAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
(Established 1803), 1 Old Broad Street, E.C.; and 16 & 17 Pall Mall, S.W
Capital, £1,600,000. Paid up and Invested, £700,000.
E. COZENS SMITH, General Manager.

PHŒNIX FIRE OFFICE, Lombard Street and Charing Cross, London. Established 1782.
Prompt and liberal Loss settlements.
Insurances effected in all parts of the World.
Secretaries {GEORGE WM. LOVELL. JOHN J. BROOMFIELD.

OVERLAND ROUTE and SUEZ CANAL.
Under Contract for the conveyance of the Mails to the Mediterranean, India, China, Japan, and Australia. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company despatch their Steamers from Southampton, viâ the Suez Canal, every Thursday, from Venice every Friday, and from Brindisi, with the Overland Mails, every Monday.
Offices—122 Leadenhall Street, E.C., and 25 Cockspur Street, S.W.

BIRKBECK BANK. Established 1851. 29 and 30 Southampton Buildings, Chancery Lane, W.C.
DEPOSITS received at INTEREST for stated periods, or repayable on demand. On Current Accounts, Interest allowed on the minimum monthly balances. Cheque Books supplied, and Letters of Credit and Circular Notes issued.
The Bank undertakes the custody of Securities of Customers, and the Collection of Bills of Exchange, Dividends, and Coupons. Stocks and Shares purchased and sold, and advances made thereon.
Office Hours from 10 till 4, excepting Saturdays, then from 10 to 2.
On Mondays the Bank is open until 9 in the Evening.
A Pamphlet, with full particulars, may be had on application.
FRANCIS RAVENSCROFT, Manager.

£10.—In return for a Ten-Pound Note, free and safe per post, One of
BENNETT'S LADY'S GOLD WATCHES,
Perfect for time, beauty, and workmanship, with keyless action, air-tight, damp-tight, and dust-tight.
65 Cheapside, London. Gold Chains at Manufacturers' Prices.
P.O.O. John Bennett.
BENNETT, 65 AND 64 CHEAPSIDE.

42 POULTRY.
RAILWAY ACCIDENTS
INSURED AGAINST by SINGLE PAYMENTS covering 1, 5, 10, or 20 Years, or the WHOLE LIFE.
£1,000 if Killed, with liberal allowances if Injured, for a Single Payment of £5 covering the Whole Life. Annual, 12s. Smaller amounts and other periods in proportion.
ACCIDENTS OF ALL KINDS
By Uniform Annual Premiums irrespective of occupation, from 5s. up to £4.
Participation in Profits without Liability.
RAILWAY and GENERAL ACCIDENT COMPANY, LIMITED.
The Right Hon. Lord KINGSALE, Chairman.
42 POULTRY.
Prospectuses, &c., Free. W. BURR, F.S.S., Managing Director.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE THROUGHOUT.

OETZMANN & CO.,

67, 69, 71, 73, 77, & 79 HAMPSTEAD ROAD,

NEAR TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

CARPETS, FURNITURE, BEDDING, DRAPERY,

FURNISHING IRONMONGERY, CHINA, GLASS, &c., &c.

A Descriptive Catalogue (the best Furnishing Guide extant) Post Free.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE WITH

Table Knives, Ivory, per dozen, from 19s. to 55s.
Electro Forks—Table, from 24s.; Spoons, from 24s.
Papier Mache Tea Trays, in Sets, 21s., 56s., 95s.
Electro Tea and Coffee Sets, from £3 7s.
Dish Covers—Tin, 23s.; Metal, 65s.; Electro, £11 11s.
Electro Cruets and Liqueurs.
Lamps—Patent Rock Oil, Moderator, &c.
Bronzed Tea and Coffee Urns.
Coal Scuttles, Vases, Boxes, &c.
China and Glass—Dinner Services, &c.

AT DEANE'S. A.D. 1700.

THE BEST ARTICLES.

Fenders—Bright, 45s. to £15; Bronze, 3s. to £6
Stoves—Bright, Black, Register, Hot-air, &c.
Baths—Domestic, Fixed, and Travelling.
Bedsteads—Brass and Iron, with Bedding.
Cornices—Cornice-poles, Ends, Bands, &c.
Gaseliers—2-light, 17s.; 3 do., 52s.; 5 do., £6 6s.
Kitcheners—From 3 ft., £3 5s., to 6 ft., £33.
Kitchen Utensils, Turnery Goods, Mats, &c.
Garden Tools—Lawn Mowers, Rollers, Hurdles, &c.
(*Catalogues free.*)

DEANE & CO., 46, King William Street, **LONDON BRIDGE.**

LADIES' BELTS, ELASTIC STOCKINGS, &c., MADE TO ANY MEASURE.

ESTABLISHED 1806.

SALMON, ODY, & CO.,

Inventors and Patentees of the

SELF-ADJUSTING TRUSS,

To his late Majesty William IV., and to Her Majesty's Army and Navy.

292 STRAND, LONDON.

N.B.—A Female Attendant on Ladies.

Price List, with Directions for Measurement, post free.

SEASONABLE DELICACY.

BROWN & POLSON'S CORN FLOUR

IS THE MOST AGREEABLE

AND MOST WHOLESOME ACCOMPANIMENT FOR

STEWED FRUIT OF ALL KINDS.

KINAHAN'S . LL . WHISKY.

UNIVERSALLY

RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

A pure old spirit, mild, mellow, delicious, and most wholesome.

Dr. HASSALL says:—"The samples were soft and mellow to the taste, aromatic and ethereal to the smell. The Whisky must be pronounced to be pure, well-matured, and of very excellent quality."

Wholesale: 20 GREAT TITCHFIELD STREET, LONDON, W.

LORNE

HIGHLAND

WHISKY.

The PERFECTION of WHISKY.

UNRIVALLED for TODDY.

SOLE PROPRIETORS, GREENLEES BROTHERS,

1 Gresham Buildings, London, E.C.; Distilleries, Argyleshire.

LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE.

HAVE IT IN YOUR HOUSES, AND USE NO OTHER,

For it is the only safe antidote in FEVERS, ERUPTIVE AFFECTIONS, SEA or BILIOUS SICKNESS, and HEADACHE, having peculiar and exclusive merits.

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS.

CAUTION.—Worthless Salines being placed before the public with the mere transposition of the words of my labels, which do not contain any of the health-restoring elements of LAMPLOUGH'S PYRETIC SALINE, it is of the utmost importance that the NAME and TRADE MARK on a BUFF-COLOURED WRAPPER envelopes each bottle, and on which dependence alone can be placed.

NOTE ADDRESS—113 HOLBORN HILL, LONDON.

"CLEANLINESS."

W. G. NIXEY'S Refined BLACK LEAD in Block, for Polishing Stoves and all kinds of Ironwork equal to burnished Steel without waste or dust. Sold everywhere by all Shopkeepers in 1*d.*, 2*d.*, and 4*d.* Blocks and 1*s.* Boxes.

Ask for

W. G. NIXEY'S BLACK LEAD,

And see that you have it. 12 Soho Square, London, W.

CAUTION.—There are several imitations.

LIEBIG COMPANY'S EXTRACT OF MEAT.—Finest meat-flavouring Stock for Soups, Made Dishes, and Sauces.

CAUTION.—Genuine only with fac-simile of Baron Liebig's signature across label.

MUCH TIME AND WORRY SAVED

BY SORTING YOUR PAPERS INTO

STONE'S PATENT BOXES AND CABINETS.

"Exceedingly useful."—*Standard.*

Sold by Stationers everywhere. Illustrated Catalogues post free from

Henry Stone, Manufacturer and Patentee, Banbury.

All Sizes can be seen at

13 CRANBOURNE STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON.

AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.—PRIZE MEDAL.

FRY'S CARACAS COCOA.—"A most delicious and valuable article."—*Standard.*

"The Caracas Cocoa of such choice quality."—*Food, Water, and Air*, edited by Dr. Hassall.

FRY'S EXTRACT OF COCOA.—Of great value to invalids who wish to avoid rich articles of diet.

"Which really consists of Cocoa Nibs deprived of the superfluous oil."—*Food, Water, and Air*, edited by Dr. Hassall.

TENTH INTERNATIONAL MEDAL, awarded to J. S. FRY & SONS.

JOHN GOSNELL & CO.'S

"CHERRY TOOTH PASTE"

greatly excels all other Preparations for the Teeth; price 1*s.* 6*d.* per bottle.

"AGUA AMARELLA"

Restores the Human Hair to its pristine hue, no matter at what age; 3*s.* per bottle.

"TOILET AND NURSERY POWDER,"

beautifully Perfumed, and guaranteed Pure.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.

DINNEFORD'S FLUID MAGNESIA

For over 30 years approved as the BEST REMEDY for

Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Headache, Gout, and Indigestion;

and as a Safe and Gentle Aperient for Delicate Constitutions, Ladies, Children, and Infants.

DINNEFORD & CO.,

172 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON; and of all Chemists throughout the World.

MAPLE and CO., Tottenham Court Road, LONDON.

CARPETS.
CARPETS.
CARPETS.

Messrs. MAPLE and CO. are now offering a Manufacturer's Stock of Brussels Carpets, consisting of 500 Pieces of best Brussels, from 3*s.* 3*d.* to 3*s.* 9*d.* per yard; also 350 Pieces of good Tapestry Brussels, from 1*s.* 11*d.* to 2*s.* 6½*d.* per yard. These goods are the very cheapest ever offered.

A MANUFACTURER'S STOCK of

CRETONNES.

CRETONNES at 1*s.* 4½*d.*, worth 2*s.*

ONE THOUSAND PIECES, fully 50 per cent. under value.

INDIAN CARPETS.

HYDERABAD. DECCAN.

MAPLE and CO. have just received a large consignment of very fine CARPETS from Hyderabad and Deccan, per ships *City of Baltimore* and the *Dahlia*, from Bombay. These Carpets are now ready for inspection. Quality very fine, some very curious in colour and design. Prices remarkably low, and must astonish.

MAPLE and CO., Tottenham Court Road, London.

PAINLESS DENTISTRY.

MR. G. H. JONES,

SURGEON-DENTIST,

WILL be glad to forward a pamphlet, gratis and post free, which explains the most unique system of the adaptation of artificial and extraction of natural teeth without pain, from his only London address—

57 GREAT RUSSELL STREET,

Opposite the British Museum.

Note.—Improved PRIZE MEDAL TEETH (London and Paris) are adapted in the most difficult and delicate cases, on a perfectly painless system of self-adhesion, extraction of loose teeth or stumps being unnecessary; and, by recent scientific discoveries and improvements in mechanical dentistry, detection is rendered utterly impossible, both by the close adjustment of artificial teeth to the gums and their life-like appearance. By this patented invention complete mastication, extreme lightness, combined with strength and durability, are insured, useless bulk being obviated; articulation is rendered clear and distinct. In the administration of nitrous oxide gas, Mr. G. H. Jones has introduced an entirely new process.

TESTIMONIAL.

"My dear Sir,—Allow me to express my sincere thanks for the skill and attention displayed in the construction of my Artificial Teeth, which renders my mastication and articulation excellent. I am glad to hear that you have obtained Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent, to protect what I consider the perfection of Painless Dentistry. In recognition of your valuable services you are at liberty to use my name. S. G. HUTCHINS,

"By Appointment Surgeon-Dentist to the Queen.

"G. H. Jones, Esq."

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S

STEEL PENS.

SOLD BY ALL DEALERS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

RUPTURES.—BY ROYAL LETTERS PATENT.

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS COMPANY (LIMITED).

WHITE'S MOC-MAIN LEVER TRUSS is allowed by upwards of Five Hundred Medical gentlemen to be the most effective invention in the curative treatment of HERNIA. The use of the steel spring, so often hurtful in its effects, is here avoided, a soft bandage being worn round the body, while the requisite resisting power is supplied by the MOC-MAIN PAD and PATENT LEVER, fitting with so much ease and closeness that it cannot be detected, and may be worn during sleep. A descriptive circular may be had, and the Truss (which cannot fail to fit) forwarded by post, on the circumference of the body two inches below the hips being sent to the Manufacturer,

Mr. WHITE, 228 Piccadilly, London.

Single Truss, 16*s.*, 21*s.*, 26*s.* 6*d.*, and 31*s.* 6*d.*; postage free. Double ditto, 31*s.* 6*d.*, 42*s.*, and 52*s.* 6*d.*; postage free. Umbilical ditto, 42*s.* and 52*s.* 6*d.*; postage free.

Post-office Orders to be made payable to John White, Post Office, Piccadilly.

NEW PATENT.

ELASTIC STOCKINGS, KNEE-CAPS, &c., for VARICOSE VEINS, and all cases of WEAKNESS and SWELLING of the LEGS, SPRAINS, &c. They are porous, light in texture, and inexpensive, and are drawn on like an ordinary Stocking. Price, 4*s.* 6*d.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.*, and 16*s.* each; postage free.

JOHN WHITE, Manufacturer, 228 Piccadilly, London.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—All diseases springing from bad blood, malarious districts, or overheated atmospheres, can be cured by these noble remedies. Fever, ague, influenza, bronchitis, diphtheria, stomach complaints, and bilious disorders, are easily met and readily conquered by these unrivalled medicaments. Both act harmoniously in preserving the pure and best materials of the body, and in expelling all that is redundant, effete, or corrupt. Thus the cure is not slight and ephemeral, but complete and permanent, as thousands who have personally tested their power have gratefully testified. Invalids in all quarters of the globe, whose listlessness of mind and sallowness of complexion warned them and their friends of some undermining disease, have been thoroughly renovated by Holloway's remedies.

13 GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

HURST AND BLACKETT'S NEW NOVELS.

GLORY. By Mrs. G. LINNÆUS BANKS, Author of "The Manchester Man," &c. 3 vols.

"A better constructed story, a more reliable means of information, and a truer relation of historical events, has rarely been written."—*Messenger.*

ONLY A LOVE STORY. By IZA DUFFUS HARDY, Author of "Glencairn," &c. 3 vols.

"In every respect this absorbing love story is worthy of its author's powers. It is the best book of a writer whose art is always excellent and whose purpose is never inferior to her art."—*Morning Post.*

A THING of BEAUTY. By Mrs. ALEXANDER FRASER, Author of "Her Plighted Troth," &c. 3 vols.

"This story is bright, pleasant, readable, and thoroughly interesting throughout. The plot is well constructed, and the tale possesses plenty of stirring incident vividly portrayed."—*Morning Post.*

ANNETTE. By the Author of "St. Olave's," &c. 2 vols., 21*s.*

"An extremely pretty story. There are some admirable characters in the book."—*Standard.*

TWO TALES OF MARRIED LIFE.

HARD to BEAR. By GEORGIANA M. CRAIK; and

A TRUE MAN. By M. C. STIRLING. 3 vols. [*Next week.*

WINSTOWE. By Mrs. LEITH ADAMS. 3 vols.

Also, just published, in 2 vols.

The SEA of MOUNTAINS: an ACCOUNT of LORD DUFFERIN'S TOUR THROUGH BRITISH COLUMBIA in 1876. By MOLYNEUX ST. JOHN. With Portrait of Lord Dufferin, 21*s.*

AUTOTYPE.

PERMANENT PHOTOGRAPHIC BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS.—The Autotype Company are producers of Book Illustrations by the Autotype and Sawyer's Collotype Processes, employed by the Trustees of the British Museum, Palæographical, Numismatical, Royal Geographical, and other Learned Societies. Fac-similes of Medals and Coins, Ancient MSS., Paintings, Drawings, and Sketches. Views and Portraits from Nature, &c., &c.

For Terms and Specimens, apply to the MANAGER.

AUTOTYPE supersedes the old methods of Photographic Printing by processes which, preserving all the beauty of Silver Prints, are free from the fatal defect of fading.

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART GALLERY,

36 RATHBONE PLACE,

displays a splendid collection of copies of the Great Masters from the Art Galleries of Europe.

TURNER'S LIBER STUDIORUM.
The WORKS of SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.
TWELVE AUTOTYPES from DRAWINGS by WILLIAM BLAKE. 21*s.* the set—SIX ILLUSTRATIONS to "COMUS," and SIX MISCELLANEOUS SUBJECTS, selected from the recent BLAKE EXHIBITION.
ROMEO AND JULIET. By FORD MADOX-BROWN. 21*s.*
A SET of SIX DOMESTIC DRAWINGS. By F. I. SHIELDS. 21*s.* the set.
The ECCE HOMO of CAVE THOMAS. 10*s.* 6*d.*
The CATAPULT of E. J. POYNTER, R.A. £3 3*s.*, 21*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*
The REMARKABLE SERIES of NATIONAL PORTRAITS.—Studies of Beautiful Women, Historical and Poetical, Pictures of Mrs. JULIA MARGARET CAMERON. In all sixty-seven subjects, at 7*s.* 6*d.* each.
SKETCHES by ROWBOTHAM. Choice, 7*s.* 6*d.* each.
TWENTY-NINE STUDIES of JOHN FORBES HARDY, at 7*s.* 6*d.* each.
REPRODUCTIONS of WORKS by BRAVIS, BIDA, CRUICKSHANK, LEHMANN, LUCY, SANT, WARD, &c., &c., &c. Catalogues on application.

THE AUTOTYPE FINE ART GALLERY, 36 RATHBONE PLACE.

The Works—EALING DENE, MIDDLESEX,

Genera Manager—W. S. BIRD. Director of the Works—J. R. SAWYER.

SUDDEN MOURNING.

Messrs. JAY are always provided with experienced dressmakers and milliners ready to travel to any part of the kingdom, free of expense to purchasers, when the emergencies of sudden or unexpected mourning require the immediate execution of mourning orders. They take with them dresses and millinery, besides material at 1*s.* per yard and upwards, to cut from the piece, all marked in plain figures, and at the same price as if purchased at the London General Mourning Warehouse, in Regent Street. Reasonable estimates also given for household mourning at a great saving to large or small families.

JAY'S,

THE LONDON GENERAL MOURNING WAREHOUSE,

REGENT STREET, W.

SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, & CO.'S NEW BOOKS.

A SECOND EDITION IS IN THE PRESS OF

THE

KHEDIVE'S EGYPT;

Or, the Old House of Bondage under New Masters.

BY EDWIN DE LEON,

EX-AGENT AND CONSUL-GENERAL IN EGYPT.

In 1 vol., demy 8vo., cloth extra, 18*s*.

"Even with the same materials, however, two writers will make different books, and perhaps it may be said that the work of Mr. de Leon is the more readable, entertaining, and easy to remember, while that of Mr. McCoan is the more exhaustive. . . . Mr. Leon writes with a bolder and freer pen, and there is more likeness to life in his portraits of character."—*Saturday Review.*

"There is not a dull page in it, and yet it is as instructive as it is amusing. It really depicts the Khedive's Egypt, and shows Egypt as it is."—*Examiner.*

"Mr. de Leon lived behind the scenes in Egypt during the rule of three successive Viceroys. . . . It is, in fact, this personal knowledge, spiced as it often is with ready anecdote, and setting before us, as it always does, the leading men of modern Egypt with the distinctness of fellow guests at a *table d'hôte*, that gives much of Mr. de Leon's work its greatest charm."—*Graphic.*

NOTICE.—NOW READY.

In crown 8vo., leatherette binding, price 10*s*. 6*d*.

NOTES on FISH and FISHING. By J. J. MANLEY, M.A.

"He has a page for every day in the year, or nearly so, and there is not a dull one amongst them."—*Notes and Queries.*

"A pleasant and attractive volume."—*Graphic.*

"Brightly and pleasantly written."—*John Bull.*

In large post 8vo., bound in cloth (gold lettered, with Ferns on bluish-grey ground), gilt edges, 470 pages, price 12*s*. 6*d*.

The FERN WORLD. By F. G. HEATH.

Illustrated by Twelve Coloured Plates, a Permanent Photograph, and Woodcuts.

"A delightful addition to the naturalist's library."—*Saturday Review.*

"A beautiful, instructive, and bewitching book. We have gone through the book with much pleasure. . . . Of the Illustrations, it is not too much to say that they are exquisite."—*Queen.*

NOTICE.—The SECOND EDITION IS READY of

MORTIMER COLLINS: his Letters & Friendships, with some Account of his Life. By FRANCES COLLINS. 2 vols., crown 8vo., with a Portrait, price 21*s*.

Now ready, crown 8vo., cloth extra, price 10*s*. 6*d*.

ORIGIN and MIGRATIONS of the POLYNESIAN NATION, Demonstrating their Original Discovery and Progressive Settlement of the Continent of America. By JOHN D. LANG, D.D., A.M. Second, revised and enlarged, Edition.

NOTICE.—Now ready, Revised and Enlarged, Cheaper Edition, in crown 8vo., cloth extra, price 7*s*. 6*d*., of

OCEAN to OCEAN: Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in 1872. By the Rev. GEORGE M. GRANT. With Illustrations.

*** This forms the New Volume in LOW'S LIBRARY OF TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

IMPORTANT NEW WORK.

Now ready, royal 8vo., cloth extra, nearly 900 pages, price 21*s*.

The CYCLOPÆDIA of EDUCATION: a Dictionary of Information. For the Use of all interested in Education. Edited by HENRY KIDDLE and ALEXANDER J. SCHEM.

The Work here offered to the public is the first Cyclopædia of Education in the English language, although the need of such a work has long been felt.

Now ready, in 3 vols.

FOR THIS CAUSE: a Novel. By ROBERT THYNNE, Author of "Ravensdale," "Tom Delany," &c.

Under the sanction of Her Majesty the Queen.

LOW'S HANDBOOK to the CHARITIES of LONDON, giving Full Particulars of upwards of 900 Charitable Institutions, Religious Societies, &c. Edited and Revised to August 1877, with a Preface, by CHARLES MACKESON, F.S.S., Editor of "The Guide to the Churches of London," &c. Price 1*s*.

NOTICE TO COUNTRY BOOKSELLERS.

The Publishers have just issued Cheap Editions of the Words only of the POPULAR SUNDAY SCHOOL HYMN BOOKS,

PURE GOLD,

AND

ROYAL DIADEM.

These Works, prepared and adapted by the Rev. ROBERT LOWRY and W. HOWARD DOANE, have been edited by DANIEL SEDGWICK, Hymnologist. They each contain

ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY HYMNS,

And are sold in Paper Covers, at Threepence each, and in cloth at Fourpence each.

London: SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON, Crown Buildings, 188 Fleet Street, E.C.

TRÜBNER & CO.'S LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CAXTON CELEBRATION.

CATALOGUE of the LOAN COLLECTION of Antiquities, Curiosities, and Appliances connected with the Art of Printing, at South Kensington. Crown 8vo., pp. xx. and 404, 2*s*. 6*d*. paper; 3*s*. 6*d*. cloth.

The BIOGRAPHY and TYPOGRAPHY of WILLIAM CAXTON, England's First Printer. By WILLIAM BLADES. Founded to a great extent upon the Author's "Life and Typography of William Caxton." Brought up to the Present Date, and including all Discoveries since made. Elegantly and appropriately printed in demy 8vo., on hand-made paper, in imitation Caxton binding, 21*s*.

The INVENTION of PRINTING: a Collection of Facts and Opinions. Description of Early Prints and Playing Cards, the Block Books of the Fifteenth Century, the Legend of Laurens Janszoon Coster of Haarlem, and the Works of John Gutenberg and his Associates. Illustrated with Fac-similes of Early Types and Woodcuts. By THEO. L. DE VINNE. Royal 8vo., elegantly printed, with embossed Portraits, and a multitude of Fac-similes and Illustrations, cloth, 21*s*.

A SIMPLE TRANSLITERAL GRAMMAR of the TURKISH LANGUAGE. Compiled from Various Sources. With Dialogues and Vocabulary. By EDWIN ARNOLD, M.A., C.S.I., F.R.G.S. Post 8vo., pp. 80, cloth, 2*s*. 6*d*.

ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR of the TURKISH LANGUAGE. With a few Easy Exercises. By F. L. HOPKINS, M.A., Fellow and Tutor of Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Crown 8vo., pp. 48, cloth, price 3*s*. 6*d*.

The TURKISH CAMPAIGNER'S VADE-MECUM of OTTOMAN COLLOQUIAL LANGUAGE. Containing a concise Ottoman Grammar; a carefully selected vocabulary, alphabetically arranged, in Two Parts—English and Turkish, and Turkish and English; also a few familiar Dialogues; the whole in English Characters. By J. W. REDHOUSE, F.R.A.S. Oblong, pp. iv.-332, cloth, 6*s*.

An AUTOBIOGRAPHY, entitled the LIFE and STRUGGLES of WILLIAM LOVETT, in his Pursuit of Bread, Knowledge, and Freedom; with some Account of the various Associations he belonged to, and of the Opinions he entertained. 8vo., pp. viii.-474, cloth, 5*s*.

BELLOWS' POCKET FRENCH DICTIONARY. Second Edition, 32mo., pp. 616, with 4 Maps, neatly bound in roan, with tuck, or persian, price 10*s*. 6*d*.; morocco, 12*s*. 6*d*.

London: TRÜBNER & CO., Ludgate Hill.

TO

BLUNDERTOWN

AND

BACK.

THE LATE M. A. THIERS.

Recently published, in royal 8vo., cloth extra, price 6*s*.

THE HISTORY of the CONSULATE and the EMPIRE of FRANCE UNDER NAPOLEON.

By M. A. THIERS.

Translated from the last Paris Edition, with Notes.

"One of the most brilliant and dramatic historical narratives ever penned." *Scotsman.*

"One of the greatest historical works of the age. The plan is vast and comprehensive."—*Courant.*

Uniform with the above in size and price,

THE HISTORY of the FRENCH REVOLUTION.

By M. A. THIERS.

Translated from the last Paris Edition, with Notes.

"The political daring of the book was not less remarkable than its literary charms."—*Scotsman.*

Published by WILLIAM P. NIMMO, London and Edinburgh.
Sold by all Booksellers, and at all Railway Bookstalls.

Printed for the Proprietor by SPOTTISWOODE & CO., at No. 5 New-street Square, in the Parish of St. Bride, in the City of London; and published by EDWARD DALLOW, at 136 Strand, London, in the County of Middlesex.—SATURDAY, September 8, 1877.